

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



G. Macdonald

LIBRARY

JAN 9 1959

CHICAGO

A Christmas tree from Denmark in Hanover Square, London

In this number:

The Origin of the Universe. By A. C. B. Lovell
(the sixth Reith Lecture)

Fog Over Ferney: a fantasy. By E. M. Forster

The Poet in the City. By Robin Skelton

Viennese Composers and the String Quartet. By Iain Hamilton



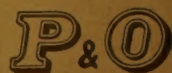
SEA BREEZES BECOME TRADE WINDS

Two weeks ago these men were strangers. Now they are close friends — and soon they will be business associates. The atmosphere is curiously conducive to this sort of thing. For this is the P & O First Class Service to Australia. Here, in one of the mighty ships of the P & O fleet the British businessman with his eye on Australia or the East, encounters prospects from the outset.

It's no accident. Out of some six hundred and fifty-six fellow passengers travelling first-class nearly half will be people with similar or connecting interests in the same territory as yourself. A high percentage of those will be people from the very area you're visiting. They'll give you the lie of the land you're visiting as none else can. Conditions

are ideal. On P & O both the sun and the service wear a smile. You have time to know people, to pursue ideas without interruption, to rest properly. You do more constructive work in four weeks at sea than you do in four months at home. Yet you arrive back fresher than when you left!

If you have interests in Aden, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, the Pacific or 'Down Under' — it pays to travel all or part way by P & O First Class Service to Australia or the Far East. Special seasonal terms and Executive Tickets are available. Ask someone to check now with your Travel Agent or with P & O direct, 14/16 Cockspur St., S.W.1. Tel: WHI 4444 or 122 Leadenhall St., E.C.3. Tel: AVE 8000.



First Class to Australia is an investment

The Listener

Vol. LX. No. 1551

Thursday December 18 1958

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE REITH LECTURES:		LITERATURE:		
The Individual and the Universe—VI (A. C. B. Lovell)	1019	The Poet in the City (Robin Skelton)	1040	
CURRENT AFFAIRS:		The Listener's Book Chronicle	1042	
The Crisis over Oil in Venezuela (Andrew Boyd)	1022	New Novels (Goronwy Rees)	1046	
Where Asian Civilization is Moulded (C. P. FitzGerald)	1023	POEMS:		
THE LISTENER:		Night-labour (Quentin Stevenson)	1041	
Food for the Mind	1026	'Moult Sont Prudhommes Les Templiers' (F. T. Prince)	1041	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	1026	Death of the Poet (Vernon Watkins)	1041	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		Poetry Reading (John Fuller)	1041	
Presents for All (Gerald Priestland)	1027	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:		
Collecting Railway Models (J. N. Maskelyne)	1027	Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden)	1048	
First Duke of Albemarle (Alfred Blackwell)	1028	Television Drama (Ivor Brown)	1049	
North-country Epitaphs (John C. Bowmer)	1028	Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	1049	
BELLES-LETTRES:		The Spoken Word (David Paul)	1050	
Fog over Ferney (E. M. Forster)	1029	Music (Dyneley Hussey)	1050	
PHILOSOPHY:		MUSIC:		
Looking to the Future—III (Viscount Samuel, O.M.)	1030	Viennese Composers and the String Quartet (Iain Hamilton)	1051	
HISTORY:		BRIDGE FORUM:		
The Making of Classical Greece (R. A. Crossland)	1032	Answers to Listeners' Problems (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)	1053	
RELIGION:		FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER:		
The End of Our World (J. V. Langmead Casserley)	1035	Protecting Your Home by Insurance (C. F. Trustam)	1053	
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK		1036	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	1055
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:		CROSSWORD NO. 1,490	1055	
From Michael Walsh, Henry Adler, Michael Kelly, Sir Henry Bashford, William B. Stocks, Ousa Weyss, and C. Trenchard	1038			

The Individual and the Universe

The Origin of the Universe

The last of six Reith Lectures by A. C. B. LOVELL, F.R.S.

LAST week I described one of the evolutionary theories of the origin of the universe. According to this theory all the material of the universe and all of time and space were originally concentrated in a superdense primeval atom which disintegrated about twenty or sixty thousand million years ago. During the course of this lecture I shall describe the theory of continuous creation which has quite different implications, but before I do that I want to consider this problem of the beginning which is inherent in the evolutionary theories.

With an effort of imagination the human mind can trace its way back through the thousands of millions of years of time and space, and we can attempt to describe in common concepts the condition of the primeval atom. The primeval atom was unstable and must have disintegrated as soon as it came into existence. There we reach the great barrier of thought, because we begin to struggle with the concepts of time and space before they existed in terms of our every-day experience. I feel as though I have suddenly driven into a great fog barrier where the familiar world has disappeared.

I think one can say that philosophically the essential problem in the conception of the beginning of the universe is the transfer from the state of indeterminacy to the condition of determinacy, after the beginning of space and time when the macroscopic laws of physics apply. When viewed in this way, we see that the problem bears a remarkable similarity to one with which we are familiar. This is the indeterminacy which the quantum theory of physics introduces into the behaviour of individual atoms, com-

pared with the determinacy which exists in events where large numbers of atoms are involved. The process of thought by which we reduce the multiplicity of the entire universe to its singular condition of the primeval atom is equivalent in principle to the reduction of the chair in which you are sitting to one of its individual atoms. Not in the evolutionary sense, of course, but in the sense that quantum theory and the principle of uncertainty explain why the behaviour of the individual atom is indeterminate and why it is impossible for you to find out the condition of the atom with any precision because you will disturb it in the very process of investigation. In fact the application of the fundamental concepts of quantum theory to the cosmological problem enables us to begin the struggle with the barrier which arises whenever we think about the beginning of space and time.

The primeval atom was a singular state of the universe, as incapable of precise specification by physical methods as the familiar individual particle in the uncertainty principle of modern physics. When the primeval atom disintegrated the state of multiplicity set in and the universe became determinate in a macroscopic sense. Philosophically space and time had a natural beginning when the condition of multiplicity occurred, but the beginning itself is quite inaccessible. In fact, in the beginning the entire universe of the primeval atom was effectively a single quantum unit in the sense that only one of the future innumerable potential states existed.

I am aware that this discussion is merely a line of metaphysical thought. Its importance lies in the parallel with the fundamental

difficulties and basic indeterminacies in modern quantum theory. If future advances should occur in these directions then it may become possible to speak with more certainty about the condition of the original cosmological quantum. In the light of our present knowledge of atomic physics it is possible only to surmise the kind of condition which might have existed. I suggested earlier that the density of matter in this primeval atom was inconceivably high. This is arrived at by a simple arithmetical deduction from the probable total mass of the universe as we see it now, and by assuming that the radius of the primeval atom was not greater than a few million miles. However, it is possible that the primeval atom was not like this, but that it consisted of intense radiation and corpuscular rays which formed the primeval gas during the first phases of the expansion.

In fact, it is a fundamental concept of Lemaître's theory that the cosmic radiation which we observe today is a relic of this early state. A characteristic of this picture of evolution is the long time-scale involved in the transformation of the intense energy of the original primeval atom, first into the gaseous clouds of hydrogen and then by processes, which awaited the high temperatures and pressures that arose when stars began to form, into the other elements with which we are familiar today. If pressed to describe this primeval atom in conventional terms one would, I think, refer to a gigantic neutron. By radio-active decay this neutron suffered a tremendous explosion. Protons, electrons, alpha particles, and other fundamental particles emerged from it at great velocity and continued to fill all space nearly uniformly as this basic material expanded for many thousands of millions of years until the clusters of galaxies began to form.

The Once-for-all Theory

An alternative picture of the condition of the primeval atom has been given by Gamov, who believes that it consisted entirely of high-temperature thermal radiation. Five minutes after the expansion began the temperature of the universe was a thousand million degrees; after a day it had fallen to forty million degrees, say nearly to the temperature of the centre of the sun; after ten million years it had fallen to an average temperature which we call room temperature. On this theory of Gamov all the chemical elements we deal with today must have been formed within the first thirty minutes of the life of the universe.

Gamov differs from Lemaître in other important respects. In Lemaître's theory the force of the initial disintegration was exhausted after a few thousand million years, and the expansion which we witness today came into play only as a result of the forces of cosmical repulsion which developed when the galaxies began to form. In Gamov's theory the force of the initial explosion was so great that the expansion of the universe was attained without invoking the force of cosmical repulsion. In other words, the beginning in the Gamov theory is close to the nine thousand million years which we deduce by tracing back the history of the galaxies, and there is no protracted period in the state of diffuse gas with all the major forces balanced, as in Lemaître's theory.

The most distinguished living exponent of the evolutionary theory of the origin of the universe is himself in Holy Orders. For him and for all who associate their universe with God, the creation of the primeval atom was a divine act outside the limits of scientific knowledge and, indeed, of scientific investigation. The probable condition of intense radiation in the primeval atom is entirely consistent with the divine command: 'Let there be light'. It would, of course, be wrong of me to suggest that this view of the origin of the universe demands necessarily the possibility of creation of matter by a divine act. On the contrary, those who reject God adopt a strictly materialistic attitude to the problem of the creation of the primeval atom. They would argue that the creation of the primeval material had no explanation within the framework of contemporary scientific knowledge but would escape from the dilemma by reserving the possibility that science would, if given the opportunity of studying these initial conditions, find a satisfactory solution. Or they would evade the problem of a beginning altogether by following a further line of thought due to Gamov that the primeval atom was not the beginning but merely a state of maximum contraction of a universe which had previously existed for an eternity of time. I think,

however, that for theology there is one important observation to make. If the universe was created and evolved in the manner just described, then the conception that the creation of the primeval material was a divine act can never be attacked by scientific investigation. A set of conditions which existed over twenty thousand million years ago and which can never return again is for ever beyond investigation.

The Continuous Creation Theory

The theory which we have discussed envisages a once-for-all creation in the remote past followed by a steady evolution to the present conditions. The alternative to this theory is that the creation of matter is taking place continuously, and that although stars and galaxies evolve from this basic material the universe, when considered as a large-scale structure, is in a steady state. We can illustrate this view by considering the future history of the galaxies which are now near the limit of observation. We are receding at great speed from these galaxies. In a billion years' time the galaxies will have passed for ever from our field of view and other galaxies which are now closer to us will have moved out to our observable horizon. So much is common ground on both the evolutionary and steady-state theories. The sharp distinction arises when we compare the picture of the universe within the observable horizon now and in a billion years' time. On the evolutionary theory more and more galaxies move out of our field of view, and the number of galaxies which we can see with our instruments will for ever decrease. In other words, the average spatial density of the universe is decreasing. On the steady-state theory this is not the case. Although individual galaxies recede beyond the observable horizon, others are always being created to take their place. In a billion years' time the universe will look to us very much as it does now. The individual galaxies will have changed, but their average spatial density remains the same, because matter is always in creation throughout all of space. The cosmological principle of the evolutionary theory in which the universe would appear to be the same to any observer wherever he was situated in space, has become the perfect cosmological principle, according to which the universe is the same throughout all space and time.

The implications of this point of view are, of course, profound. For example, there cannot have been a beginning in any scale of time at all. If we trace back in time the history of the galaxies, they dissolve into gas and then into uncreated matter as they move in towards us, whereas others come into view from beyond the observable horizon. At a time of twenty thousand million years ago the evolutionary models picture the universe as a concentrated conglomerate of gas, whereas the steady-state universe would have appeared as it does today. Indeed, however far we go back in time there is no stage at which we can say that the universe, as a whole, had a beginning. In the only language at our command we can say that the history of the universe on the steady-state theory extends to an infinite time in the past.

The Future of the Universe

As regards the future of the universe, again there are great differences between the evolutionary and steady-state models. The predictions of the steady-state theory are quite clear. The universe has an infinite extent in space and an infinite future in time. There is, of course, a limit to the observable universe from any one place in it determined by the speed of expansion. But if an intelligent being exists at our observable limit he would find himself surrounded by a similar universe of galaxies and so on without end. Neither does the theory of continuous creation place any limitation on the future extent in time. In the same way that a billion years ago the universe would look the same as it does now, so in a billion years of future existence the overall large-scale picture will be unchanged.

The future on the evolutionary models is quite different. The total content of matter was fixed once and for all at the time of creation. The expansion is thinning out the galaxies, and in a billion years our view of space would indeed be vastly different from what it is today. In some variations of the evolutionary theory the process of expansion is expected to reverse when the

spatial density has fallen to a certain value and then the contraction of space would bring the ageing galaxies into view again. But even in such variations of the evolutionary models the ultimate death of the universe seems inescapable because the energy with which the universe was imbued at its creation is relentlessly becoming less available.

The finite limitations of space, time, and content in some of the evolutionary models lead one to ask whether our universe is, in fact, the entire cosmos. It is a question which at present cannot be discussed with profit. There is no feature of theory which would preclude the existence of other universes created at different times, but unless we are hopelessly wrong in our interpretation of our observations of the universe we see, there is no conceivable way in which we can ever penetrate the regions of time and space where they might exist.

The conflict between the steady-state and evolutionary theories is of the very greatest significance to cosmology and to human thought. The evolutionary theory places the creation of matter at a definite moment in the remote past, beyond human investigation. Although the steady-state theory has no solution to the problem of the creation of matter it is important to appreciate that if this theory is correct, then the primeval gas is being created now, at this moment, and hence is open to human investigation.

Kant's Doctrine

On the whole, I think it must be incontestable that the steady-state theory is more materialistic than the evolutionary theory. It could be said that the creation process is a divine act which is proceeding continuously, and which is beyond the conception of the human mind. On the other hand it cannot be denied that this may be a somewhat perilous attitude, for the simple reason that the tools of science can probe the regions of space where this creation is occurring. In fact, in the equations of the cosmologists a creation term already exists. Philosophically, it is, I think, important to emphasize the approachability of the creation of hydrogen which is inherent in these modern theories of continuous creation. Otherwise the metaphysical impact would not be severe. In this sense the concept was stated long ago by Kant:

The remaining part of the succession of eternity is always infinite and that which has flowed is finite, the sphere of developed nature is always but an infinitely small part of that totality which has the seed of future worlds in itself, and which strives to evolve itself out of the crude state of chaos through longer or shorter periods. The creation is never finished or complete. It has indeed once begun but it will never cease.

But, of course, Kant's doctrine was egocentric, in the sense that God had completed the creation in the part of the cosmos which we can see. In the contemporary theories of continuous creation, the processes of formation should still be occurring all round us and is therefore open to human investigation.

I think it is true to say that during the last few years the cosmological issue has crystallized into a conflict between these evolutionary and steady-state theories of the origin of the universe. The variations in detail within these two broad principles are numerous. Many of these differences are highly abstract, but in so far as the stream of human thought is concerned these internal variations are of small consequence compared with the major issue as to whether creation is occurring now and throughout all time in the past and in the future, or whether the fundamental material of the universe was created in its entirety some billions of years ago.

It seems possible that we may be on the verge of settling by experimental observation which of these two principles is correct. In fact, the group of young cosmologists who have promulgated the theories of continuous creation have always emphasized that the new theories should be capable of direct experimental test. For example, if with our telescopes we could penetrate so far into space that we could see a cluster of galaxies from which the light had taken nine thousand million years to reach us, then it would be possible to reach a clear decision. For at that time in the past, on the evolutionary theory, the clusters of galaxies were only just beginning to form from the primeval gas. Well, of course, such a straightforward observation is impossible because of the limited range of our telescopes. I said earlier that the most distant object yet identified in the telescopes is the cluster of galaxies

in Hydra, at about two thousand million light years. Although the light from this cluster has been travelling through space for two thousand million years it is too close to us in time and space to be of use in distinguishing between the two theories.

On the Verge of the Regions of Space and Time

It is, however, on the verge of the regions of space and time where the universe would be expected to be significantly different if creation were still in progress compared with the conditions in an evolutionary universe. If time and space had a beginning, then when the universe was only a few thousand million years old it would be much more compact than it is today. The galaxies would be in existence but they would be packed closer together compared with their spatial density today. The spatial density today —by which I mean the number of galaxies within say fifty or a hundred million light years of the Milky Way—can be determined by the large telescopes. If we could count the number in a similar volume of space at a distance of several thousand million light years we should, in effect, be making a count of the galaxies as they existed several thousand million years ago. If creation is still taking place, then, on the steady-state theories, this number should be the same as today. If the evolutionary model is correct then the spatial density at this distance in time and space will be much greater.

The possibility of carrying out this decisive observational test excites the imagination. Unfortunately, it seems likely that the hindrances introduced by the atmosphere of the earth will prevent the great optical telescopes from penetrating to the required regions of space. It may well be that only when optical telescopes can be carried in earth satellites or erected on the moon will it be possible to look back into the past to this extent. Before the advent of such futuristic enterprises it seems likely that the great radio telescopes will give us the answer we require. You may remember that in a previous talk I referred to the collisions of galaxies which for reasons not yet understood generate radio waves which can easily be picked up in the radio telescopes, although the light from these galaxies is so faint that they are near the limit of the normally observable universe. We can already study galaxies in collision at such distances that they must be far beyond the range of the optical telescopes. We believe that these investigations are already taking us so far out in space and so far back in time that the radio waves have been on their journey for a few thousand million years. The circumstantial evidence for this belief in the origin of many of the unidentified radio sources is very strong, and if this is confirmed we have the tools with which human beings can bring the cosmological issues to a decisive test.

The concept of continuous creation also presents us with another opportunity to make an even more direct and decisive test. If the theory is correct then the hydrogen gas which forms the primeval material of the galaxies must be in creation at a considerable rate. The theory demands the appearance of hydrogen at the rate of several billion trillion tons per second in the observable universe. Although this figure is vast, in fact by ordinary human concepts of terrestrial space the rate is exceedingly slow. It represents the creation of only a few atoms of hydrogen per cubic mile of space per year. The presence of this hydrogen in intergalactic space may well be detectable in the near future by the radio telescopes.

Solving the Ultimate Cosmological Problem?

As individuals we must therefore face the possibility that within the next few years astronomers may be able to speak with unanimity about the ultimate cosmological problem. Only the materialist can turn aside unmoved by this prospect. For others, a settlement of this cosmological issue might mean an affirmation or rejection of deeply embedded philosophical and theological beliefs.

So far, I have tried to present the contemporary background without prejudice, but no doubt before I finish you will expect me to say a word about my own personal views. At the moment our outlook in astronomy is optimistic. A new epoch has been opened by the development of radio telescopes, and we are perhaps within a generation of an even more astonishing one because of the inherent possibilities of astronomical observations.

from earth satellites or the moon. We can only guess as to the nature of the remote regions which might be photographed by telescopes removed from their earthbound environment. In the case of radio telescopes this development is still very young. Three hundred years elapsed between Galileo's small telescope and the inauguration of the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar. In the development of radio telescopes we have not covered a tenth of that time-span. I think, therefore, that our present optimism may well be of the kind which comes from the initial deployment of great new instruments and techniques. I have no doubt that within a few years these instruments will enable us to resolve the conflict which I have described between the evolutionary and steady-state models. In this process new difficulties will certainly appear, and these might make my present description of the universe as out of date as the static egocentric description which was in vogue in the first twenty years of this century.

When we are dealing with time-spans of thousands of millions of years it would be sheer impudence to suggest that the views of the cosmos which have evolved from the techniques developed in our age possess any degree of finality. My present attitude to the scientific aspects of the problem is therefore neutral in the sense that I do not believe that there yet exist any observational data which are decisively in favour of any particular contemporary cosmology. The optimism with which I believe we are on the verge of producing the necessary observational data is tempered with a deep apprehension, born of bitter experience, that the decisive experiment nearly always extends one's horizon into regions of new doubts and difficulties.

On the question of the creation of the primeval material of the universe it seems to me unlikely that there can ever be a scientific description whether in terms of the evolutionary or steady-state theories. If the idea of continuous creation is substantiated then science will have penetrated very far indeed into the ultimate processes of the universe. It might then appear that a completely materialistic framework would have been established, but it does not seem to me that this is the case. If one imagines a scientific device which is so perfect that it could record the appearance of a single hydrogen atom as demanded by the continuous-creation theory, then the scientific description of the process would still be imperfect. The same basic and quite fundamental difficulty would appear, as I have described in the case

of the primeval atom, in the further effort to obtain information about the nature of the energy input which gave rise to the created atom.

If I were pressed on this problem of creation I would say, therefore, that any cosmology must eventually move over into metaphysics for reasons which are inherent in modern scientific theory. The epoch of this transfer may be now and at all future time, or it may have been twenty thousand million years ago. In respect of creation the most that we can hope from our future scientific observations is a precise determination of this epoch. I must emphasize that this is a personal view. The attitudes of my professional colleagues to this problem would be varied. Some would no doubt approve of this or a similar line of metaphysical thought. Others would not be willing to face even this fundamental limit to scientific knowledge, although, as I have said, an analogous limitation occurs in modern scientific theory which describes the well-known processes of atomic behaviour. Some, I am afraid, will be aghast at my temerity in discussing the issues at all. As far as this group is concerned all that I can say is that I sometimes envy their ability to evade by neglect such a problem which can tear the individual's mind asunder.

On the question of the validity of combining a metaphysical and physical process as a description of creation, this, as I said earlier, is the individual's problem. In my own case, I have lived my days as a scientist, but science has never claimed the whole of my existence. Some at least of the influence of my upbringing and environment has survived the conflict, so that I find no difficulty in accepting this conclusion. I am certainly not competent to discuss this problem of knowledge outside that acquired by my scientific tools and my outlook is essentially a simple one. Simple in the sense that I am no more surprised or distressed at the limitation of science when faced with this great problem of creation than I am at the limitation of the spectroscope in describing the radiance of a sunset or at the theory of counterpoint in describing the beauty of a fugue.

When I began my talks I mentioned the mixture of fear and humility with which I approached the task. Now you see the irony of the modern astronomer's life in its entirety. The devices of a world war have been forged, with the help of the fear of another, into a system of scientific experiments which take us back through time and space to deal with the problems of the origin of the universe.—*Home Service*

The Crisis over Oil in Venezuela

By ANDREW BOYD

VENEZUELA produces more oil than any other country in the world with the single exception of the United States. It produces more than Russia does, more than twice as much as any of the Middle Eastern countries, and roughly one-seventh of the whole world output of oil. But, important as it is, Venezuela has not got into the news often—unlike the oil-producing countries of the Middle East. Even when it has had a revolution—and it has had two or three—the flow of oil has gone on. In fact, the Venezuelans have somehow managed to combine their politics, which have been fairly violent most of the time, with a hard-headed grasp of their own interests.

But last week the newly elected President, Dr. Betancourt, announced that he would try to end the present arrangement of splitting the oil profits fifty-fifty between the companies and the Venezuelan Government. Does this mean a change of attitude? The answer, I think, is—no. President Betancourt considers that the old companies have been getting too big a share of the profits, and will have to be content with less. In future, Venezuela will not grant any more outright concessions to foreign oil companies. It will do what Argentina is also doing now—it will ask the companies to work under contract for a new state-owned oil corporation which Venezuela itself will control.

The shares of some of the British and American oil companies that operate in Venezuela have fallen on the Stock Exchange. This is only to be expected. The announcement was also enough to start some of the oil company men worrying about a possible

chain reaction—about the possibility that Venezuela's example will set off a round of fresh demands from other oil-producing countries, particularly in the Middle East. It will not be surprising if something of the sort does happen. But nobody, I think, sees all this as the beginning of another crisis on the Abadan scale. President Betancourt has said that he has no idea of nationalizing or expropriating the oil fields and refineries. In other words, the Venezuelans may be going to try to squeeze their golden goose a bit harder, but have no intention of throttling it.

But President Betancourt is neither a revolutionary nor any kind of extreme nationalist. He was elected on December 7 in the first free elections Venezuela has had for eleven years. Eleven years ago, too, in the last free elections, he was elected president, and it took a *coup d'état* by the army to bring him down then. Some of the army leaders are not happy to see him elected now, but they are by no means united against him, and I would give him a fair chance of survival. He has promised to do all he can to give Venezuela something like a 'fair deal'. The mood of the country as a whole is clearly in favour of his policies. The oil companies are naturally not going to like having to hand over an even bigger part of their profits, but their own bargaining position is a strong one; oil is plentiful now, and if Venezuela puts its charges up too high they will shift some of their operations elsewhere. From their past experience in Venezuela, they can be confident that, perhaps after some hard bargaining, a new deal will be struck which will still be worth the while of both parties.

—From a talk in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Where Asian Civilization is Moulded

C. P. FITZGERALD on four great cities

CONTRARY to popular belief, which pictures the great cities of eastern Asia as ancient centres of traditional civilization, hundreds, or even thousands, of years old, most of the famous seaboard cities of the Far East are in fact modern, founded in the late eighteenth or nineteenth centuries, no older than New York, Sydney, or Liverpool. It is in truth Europe that has preserved the continuity of its civilization and the centres of its power in places such as London, Paris, and Rome, standing today on sites which were important 2,000 years ago. Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, and Tokyo, as also Shanghai, were all insignificant or non-existent when the Portuguese first entered the eastern seas and brought the trade of the Far East to Europe.

The great cities which then dazzled the western newcomers are now all fallen either into ruin, decay, or are at best of secondary importance. Malacca, the prize which the Portuguese won from the Muslims, is a picturesque survival; Singapore has replaced it. Ayudhia, the capital of Siam, was destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century, and Bangkok, its successor, dates from the first years of the nineteenth. Macau, which the Portuguese made the main entrepôt of the eastern trade, slumbers on its silted harbour, while Hong Kong, an uninhabited island in 1840, has now some 2,500,000 inhabitants. Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, is still a great city, but it is no longer the capital, and Edo, now Tokyo, which was only a military stronghold at the foundation of the Tokugawa

Shogunate in the middle of the seventeenth century, is now either the second or the third largest city in the whole world.

Hardly any of the famous monuments of the past are to be found in these centres of the modern life of Eastern Asia. The palaces and temples of Bangkok were built in the same years as



An estate in Hong Kong for housing 'squatters' and refugees: 'an uninhabited island in 1840, the city has now some 2,500,000 inhabitants'



Singapore, now cut off from the Federation of Malaya, where 'the problem of an over-populated city grows annually more dangerous'

the Brighton Pavilion; Singapore contains hardly a building dating back to 1800, Hong Kong is wholly modern; even Tokyo, the oldest of the four, has nothing but the walls and gates of the Imperial Palace, once the castle of the Shoguns, to recall the Edo of the famous prints. Twice destroyed, first by the great earthquake of 1923 and again by bombing in the last years of the second world war, Tokyo as seen today is barely twelve years old, rebuilt since the American occupation.

These facts have their importance for an understanding of the life and thought of eastern Asia today. The peoples of the Far East, particularly those who make and guide opinion, set fashion, and determine policy, do not live in ancient cities reminiscent of past glories and vanished manners. They dwell and work in modern industrial centres following a pattern of life which increasingly resembles that of all other urban workers in every part of the world, and which diverges further and further from the traditional customs of their forefathers. Moreover, although there is still much poverty, and in some places slums

many of which are no better than those of Naples, it is wealth and comfort which set the tone of these cities of eastern Asia. They are the centres of a vigorous capitalism. The scholar and the aristocrat no longer take precedence over the millionaire industrialist or merchant, even in royal Bangkok and imperial Tokyo; in Singapore and Hong Kong these figures of the past never existed at all; there the primacy of wealth, whether native or colonialist, was never in dispute.

Nineteenth-century Mental Attitudes

Since capitalism came late to the Far East it is natural to find that in all these new centres of commerce and industry, development, however modern technically, goes hand in hand with mental attitudes which are more proper to the nineteenth than to the twentieth century. Town planning is haphazard, expansion is governed by opportunity rather than by regulation, the law of supply and demand is considered paramount and sacred, the control of exploitation is unpopular and usually ineffective. In Singapore, where until recently the British Colonial authority was supreme, and in Hong Kong where it still rules, ideas of social welfare imported from the home country still make a gallant attempt to cope with the problems of poverty, overcrowding, and rehousing. In Bangkok and in Tokyo it is not apparent that these ideas are really operative. There is in fact a significant difference between the modes and manners of the two capitals of independent states on the one hand and the two colonial cities on the other. Bangkok and Tokyo, situated in large countries of which they are the capitals, have none of the political problems and restrictions from which Singapore and Hong Kong suffer. Labour can flow freely in from the countryside, and return to the villages if times in the city get too hard. There is mobility, and there is a large home market for the products of the city.

In Singapore, now cut off from the Federation of Malaya, the problem of an overpopulated city grows annually more dangerous, and the search for markets more exacting. In Hong Kong, perched upon the perimeter of Communist China, there is no hinterland at all; population grows fast by natural increase and illegal immigration from China; markets must be found either in China or overseas. The position of these cities would be even more precarious were it not that, being almost exclusively Chinese in population, they form a cultural and, to a great extent, an economic community with the Chinese of all south-east Asia; the twin capitals of a great submerged but powerful nation, which has no political institutions or national territory, yet dominates the economy of the south, overseas China.

Bangkok, although the capital of Thailand, has a large Chinese population, which controls its commerce and industry. Yet it is essentially a Thai city in character and outlook. Of all the peoples of the south-east the Thais have proved most apt at assimilation of the Chinese who came to dwell among them. It seems, therefore, the more strange and unfortunate that the present rulers of the country, reversing the tolerant policy of the absolute monarchy, should have adopted measures designed to harass and discriminate against the Chinese community, thus giving them a sense of national solidarity and an interest in outside assistance which they never possessed before. The doctrines of extreme nationalism do not come naturally to the Thai temperament, which is tolerant, charming, and unintellectual.

Cross-roads in Eastern Asia

Thailand, or Siam as it used to be called, has throughout its history been a cross-roads in eastern Asia, the rich, flat valley of the Menam forming an oasis of fertility in the surrounding regions of forbidding jungle and mountain ranges. It is today once more in this position, from which the rise of the sea route via Singapore and the straits of Malacca had ousted it. For Bangkok is on the direct air route to the Far East, to Australia, and, by either of these routes, on to America. Every air service calls at Bangkok; the westward stream of tourists from America, provided with round-the-world air tickets, pass from Tokyo to Hong Kong and from Hong Kong to Bangkok. This annual movement has a real economic importance for the three of the great cities which lie upon its route. Business was bad in late July and August. Asked why, the Chinese shopkeeper in Hong

Kong disconsolately replied, as if the question was foolish: 'Why, the Lebanon and Jordan, of course'. The connexion between slow sales in Hong Kong and the Anglo-American landings in these two countries might seem obscure, but it is real. The purchasers of round-the-world air tickets were warned by the air-lines that landings in Beirut, Baghdad, or Cairo might be interrupted or suspended. Some travellers had been held in Bagdad for a tense, uncomfortable fortnight. The sale of the round-the-world tickets fell off sharply. No use going, if the chain of tourism was thus disrupted. And Hong Kong and Bangkok felt the cold wind.

This little incident reflects the degree to which the economy and the subsistence of the peoples of the southern cities have become integrated in the wider world. It also illustrates the artificial character of such cities as Singapore and Hong Kong, creations of western commerce linked to the West by economic ties, but geographically bound to a region which beyond the cities is either undeveloped and retarded or, in the case of China, set on a course which diverges politically and economically from the pattern of western civilization. Bangkok shares these characteristics in a different form. Bangkok is the only city of Thailand of any size, immeasurably larger than any competitor; the capital, until very recent years, of a purely agricultural community, of a jungle kingdom. Its present growth is as new as it is uncontrolled and chaotic, based on a rapidly expanding commerce, but not yet on any substantial foundation of industry. In this respect the three southern cities are in no way to be compared with Tokyo, and in another important aspect of life they fall far short of the capital of Japan.

Struggle towards a New Cultural Activity

In Singapore and Hong Kong, the arts and literature, scholarship and science play an inconspicuous part in the life of the people. Originally commercial centres of colonial rule, the native inhabitants were not of scholarly background, but engaged in business or the professions. In recent years, since the advent of the Communist Government in China, there has been a strong movement to create in these non-Communist centres of Chinese life a new cultural activity. The University of Nan Yang in Singapore, now struggling to maturity, promises in time to supply part of the need; in Hong Kong a number of educational institutions, staffed by scholars who have left China, have swiftly expanded from small beginnings. But in any event the fact remains that these places must be overshadowed by China itself, which will, no matter what political developments occur, continue to be the mainspring of Chinese culture.

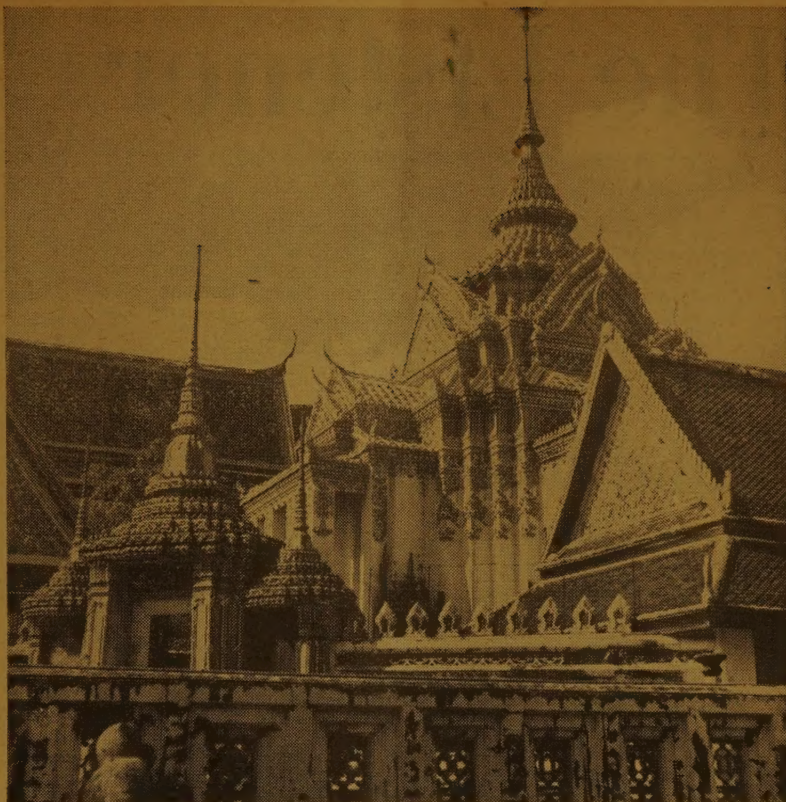
Bangkok, in the days of the absolute monarchy and its large court, was the centre of a local artistic and literary tradition closely associated with the court and the Buddhist Church, which in turn was largely dependent on royal bounty. The arts and crafts which ministered to the luxury of concubines and the piety of kings flourished. But the roots were shallow and the flower, though graceful, was small. Today the restricted character of the royal power, the increasing secularization of life and the overwhelming impact of foreign western civilization, has largely swamped and stifled the local tradition. Just as the small royal city in the bend of the Menam with its fantastic palace and temples lies embedded in a vast sprawl of urban growth, indeterminate in character and incoherent in design, so the culture of modern Thailand is singularly lacking in national characteristics and native vigour.

Tokyo might justly complain that it is not to be compared with these cities of the south in any respect. So much greater, older, and more powerful, was not its real rival and competitor Shanghai, rather than the commercial colonies of Singapore and Hong Kong? But Shanghai has travelled a different road towards a future which, however significant and perhaps crucial for the Far East, will have nothing in common with the prospect lying before Tokyo and her junior capitalist partners in the south. The point of the comparison between Tokyo and those cities is that they are striving to become what Tokyo long ago attained. Of the two roads to modernization, the goal of the peoples of the East, Tokyo is the great example of success by the capitalist path, and this is the road which the southern cities hope to follow. Shanghai and Peking lead in another direction. One consequence of Tokyo's early industrialization and reconstruction on modern lines follow-

ing earthquake and bombardment is that this great city is not only more western in its appearance but less Asian in its character and outlook.

Japan is in Asia, geography has so ordained it, but it is none the less cut off from modern Asia, partly by the events of history, partly by the aspirations and outlook of its people. An island people who had in the past only cultural contacts with the mainland nations, the Japanese adopted modern arts and techniques, industrialized their country and became a great power more than two generations before any other east Asian people. The catastrophe of defeat has, in certain respects, emphasized this difference rather than levelled it off. The former aristocratic and militarist social system of Japan retained features which, however offensive to the victims, were none the less characteristic of Asia rather than the West. These features have gone, but the modernized economy, the industrial power, the developed capitalist system have remained and indeed recovered new strength, unhampered by the need to maintain a burden of armaments and an imperialist policy of conquest.

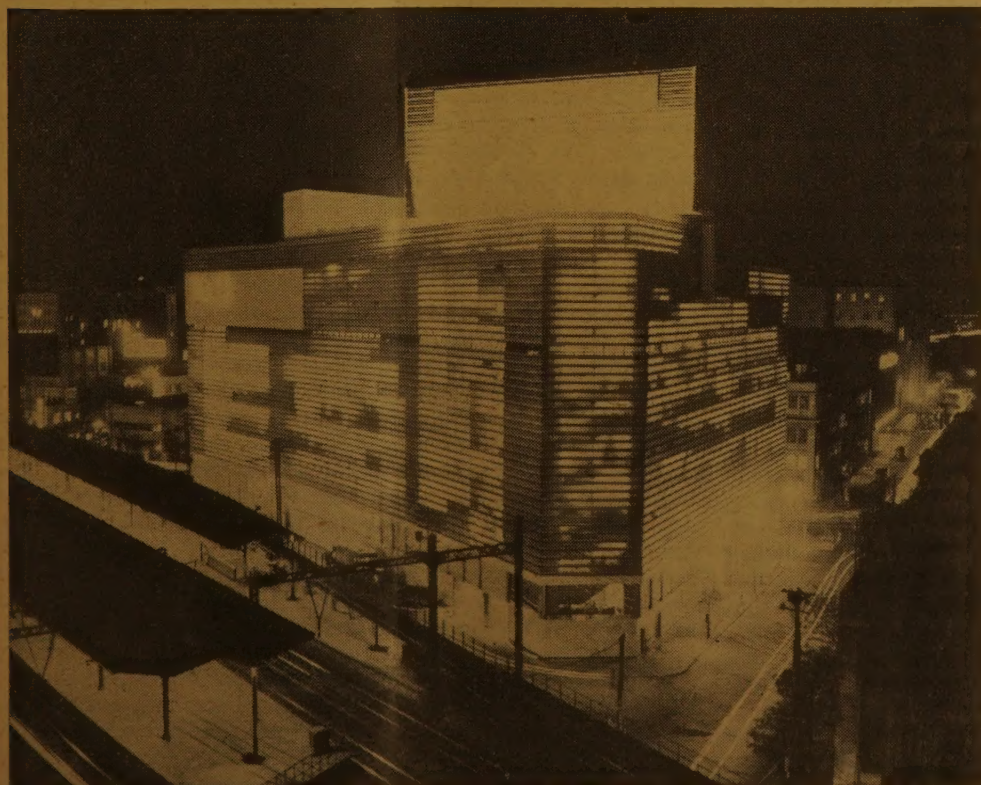
Tokyo is no artificial growth dependent on commerce alone; the smoke-filled atmosphere, more reminiscent of London than Asia, is a consequence of the vast belt of factories and heavy industry which surrounds the city on all sides and now links it with the port of Yokohama in one immense conurbation. Shinagawa, the village famous in the prints as the last stage of the old Tokaido, the east sea road, by which the feudal nobles travelled to Edo to pay their respects to the Shogun, is now a suburban station on the electric railway, a wilderness of marshalling yards, warehouses, factories, and power plants. But Tokyo is not only a great industrial city, it is also the capital and the focus of Japanese political and cultural life. Kyoto might still dispute this claim, but if Kyoto is perhaps still the seat of the old culture and its crafts, Tokyo is alive with a pulsating life of its own modern variety, in art, in the theatre, in literature, and science, and in the more popular activities of dance halls, jazz parlours, bars, restaurants, department stores, and exhibitions. 'Coffee and Classical Music', the latest craze combined in special establishments, designed in a curious architectural style derived from English mock Tudor,



Chapel of the Emerald Buddha, Bangkok, one of the temples which now 'lie embedded in a vast sprawl of urban growth'

typifies the modern Tokyo taste: coffee, which is a foreign drink formerly confined to foreigners, and classical music, western classical music, to which the devotees listen with reverence and appreciation while they sip their coffee. But when they go home at night, by a long journey on the crowded electric railways, they make their way down narrow lanes to a small Japanese-style house, built of wood, with a tiny ornamental garden, the floors covered with the traditional mats and the rooms divided off by sliding doors. Tokyo is still traditional behind the scenes, and the big earthquake is not forgotten: blocks of flats are not built and would not be popular.

To most people the picture conjured up by the countries of eastern Asia is one of vast multitudes of peasants cultivating rice in endless paddy fields. The growth and development of great cities modern in their industries and commerce, almost western in their way of life, is an unfamiliar concept. Yet it is in these four great cities that the contemporary civilization of the Far East, China excluded, is shaped and moulded. Tokyo concentrates the wealth and the brains of reviving Japan; Bangkok dominates Thailand; Singapore and Hong Kong are the true rivals of Shanghai; the capitalist alternatives for those 14,000,000 overseas Chinese who control the commerce and industry of south-east Asia.—*Third Programme*



'Tokyo is the great example of success by the capitalist path': a branch of one of Japan's leading department stores which contains a concert hall for 1,500 people and a large television hall

Among recent publications are *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson: Volume 14, 8 October 1788 to 26 March 1789*, edited by Julian P. Boyd, in association with William H. Gaines, Jr., and Joseph H. Harrison, Jr. (Oxford, for Princeton, £4); and *What Roosevelt Thought: The Social and Political Ideas of Franklin D. Roosevelt*, by Thomas H. Greer (Angus and Robertson, for Michigan, 35s.).

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1958

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1., England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Food for the Mind

THE broadcasting and publication of the Reith Lectures on 'The Individual and the Universe' has aroused the widest possible interest. For in these lectures Professor Lovell has touched upon matters which must be of concern to every intelligent human being. In his first lectures he stressed the changes in outlook since the days of the earliest astronomers. After the Renaissance mankind first realized that our world might not, after all, be the centre of the universe. As astronomy progressed, much more than that was recognized, because it dawned upon men that even the solar system was only a small part of the universe. This was naturally a blow to traditional theology. Mankind might not, after all, be so important as was once thought. But pitchforked into new horizons as was the history of man by the discoveries of the astronomers and other scientists—Darwin, for example, and Freud in later times—the theologians were still left with the opportunity for a convincing reply. What evidence was there, they could demand, that human beings dwelt in any other planet in the universe? Did not evolution merely prove that at some stage in the development of mankind a 'soul' or a 'spirit' was introduced by God into the bodies of animals? As for Freud, what did he prove? Merely that the mind and the body are closely linked together. Who denies it? But the mind after all is the man.

In his last Reith Lecture, which we publish today, Professor Lovell discusses the fundamental problem of the meaning of man's place in the universe. He shows how with the aid of telescopes we are today able to look back upon the universe as it was millions of years ago. Does this enable us to discern what was the scientific origin of man? And, if so, can we, by speculating upon the beginnings of the universe, also hazard some guess about its possible end? Professor Lovell is inclined to believe that if we can make up our mind about the origin of the universe, we might also be able to make a plausible deduction about the meaning of our very existence. But the trouble is that when one's thoughts stretch back so far into the past, the mind boggles. We struggle with concepts of time and space outside our common experience. 'I feel', says Professor Lovell, 'as though I have suddenly driven into a great fog barrier where the familiar world has disappeared'.

It is surely bold and brave of the scientists of our time to confront us with these ultimate realities. It is so natural to be afraid of being mocked at by the philosophers or logicians. Nothing is easier for academic scientists than to bury their heads in the sands of time and limit themselves to the mere recording of discoveries. The virtue, one would suggest, of broadcasts like the Reith Lectures is that they enable the common man to understand the implications of scientific or philosophical discoveries and the advances in knowledge that have been achieved during the past 300 years in which we have sloughed off ancient superstitions. We cannot expect every week of the year to enjoy such stimulating talks as have been provided by these Reith Lectures. But at least we can use the valuable art of communication with which we have been provided by broadcasting (itself one of the remarkable scientific discoveries of our time) to learn about important things, about how minds not devoted to mere money-making are grappling with the unknown, and to rejoice in the opportunity to reflect upon these profound discoveries.

What They Are Saying

The Powers and Germany

ON DECEMBER 15 Moscow Radio, quoting *Pravda*, repeated the Soviet warning that should any aggression take place against the East German State, the Soviet Union would defend its land, water, and aerial frontiers. This comment followed the statement published the previous evening by the three Western Foreign Ministers in Paris announcing that Britain, the United States, and France would not accept any attempt by Russia to hand over to East Germany her obligations on Berlin in regard to the rights of the Western Powers to be present in Berlin and have freedom of access. From West Germany the press was quoted as expressing satisfaction at the Western statement. *Die Welt* summed it up as a categorical 'no' to Mr. Khrushchev's Berlin proposals and as a refusal to negotiate under pressure.

Earlier, on December 13, addressing a meeting in Warsaw, Mr. Gomulka and the East German leader, Herr Ulbricht, stressed their solidarity with the Soviet Union over Berlin. Mr. Gomulka added that Poland would not favour German reunification until there was a guarantee that a united Germany would never again threaten her neighbours. Herr Ulbricht stated that the recent West Berlin election results would not influence the Soviet proposals, to which West Berliners would have 'repeated opportunities' of declaring their attitude next year. On December 9 the Polish and East German radios quoted Herr Ulbricht as saying at a Warsaw reception:

The 'German Democratic Republic' population and its national people's army will fulfil their national and international duty shoulder-to-shoulder with the Soviet troops on peace vigil in the G.D.R., and in faithful comradeship-in-arms with all Warsaw Treaty countries.

On December 10 Herr Ulbricht was quoted as telling Warsaw factory-workers that Western rejection of the Soviet 'decision' about West Berlin was impossible 'because the Soviet Government will transfer its present powers to the G.D.R. Government regardless of the Western Powers' views'. He went on:

Once this transfer has taken place, those wanting to use the G.D.R. lines of communication will surely have to talk to us about it. . . . No proper traffic can be run without our consent.

On December 8 the East German radio relayed the proceedings in the People's Chamber, where Prime Minister Grotewohl appealed to the European members of Nato 'to resist the atomic armament of West Germany, and instead to support the creation of an atom-free zone in central Europe'. Reiterating the claim that West Germany was 'being built up into a centre for the preparation of an atomic war in Europe', he went on:

In this situation . . . the U.S.S.R.'s proposals for a peaceful solution of the German problem come like a breath of fresh air and offer a way out. . . . Our basic attitude on the Berlin question also holds good for the solution of the German problem.

Herr Grotewohl ended by saying that the G.D.R.'s main task was to demonstrate the 'superiority' of the socialist system, in particular to the West German workers.

Moscow and East German broadcasts stressed that the West Berlin election results in no way represented a referendum on the Soviet proposals. The elections, 'held under the occupation régime and under terror conditions', involving 'persecution' of the Communist Party, merely confirmed the 'dire necessity of normalizing the situation in West Berlin'. The Social Democrats, headed by Herr Brandt, 'a faithful follower of Adenauer', were accused of playing a 'particularly unsavoury role'. But their election victory represented a repudiation of Nato policy by a majority of West Berlin voters. On December 14 the Social Democrat Party in West Germany issued a statement formally rejecting the Soviet proposals on Berlin, but urged that they be answered by a Western declaration of readiness to negotiate with the Soviet Union on the German problem and European security.

West German newspapers emphasized that the West Berlin election results, with their heavy defeat of the Communist Party, were a rebuff not only to the East German Communist leaders, but also to Mr. Khrushchev's Berlin proposals.

Did You Hear That?

PRESENTS FOR ALL

'TO THE TUNE OF *Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer*, to the hairy chortles of a legion of big-store Santas, to the seasonable jingles of television commercials for everything from deodorants to aluminium foil, Christmas is "icumen in", said GERALD PRIESTLAND in 'Today'—from Washington.

'As a father I find myself the victim of the most cunning toy industry in the world. The hula-hoop is now pretty well *vieux jeu*, thank goodness, and we exhausted the possibilities of three-stage moon rockets at the seaside, where we established a sort of juvenile Cape Canaveral. So the choice seems to lie between plastic dinosaur skeletons, which are all the rage, inflatable rubber brontosaurus, life-size stuffed giraffes, cowboy kits, miniature ice-cream-making machines, and—oh, not more than 500 other possibilities.

'What about the grown-ups? For the scientific there is the miniature transistor radio powered by solar batteries: when the sun is not shining you put it under the electric light instead. For the sun-bather I suggest a sun-tan tree—nine feet high with interchangeable metal leaves which can be turned to reflect the rays of the sun on to the body below. For really Christmasy weather what about a small garden snow-plough, or anti-skid chains for shoes in frosty weather; or air-conditioned rubber boots which circulate cooling breezes with every step? For the man who has everything—always supposing you do not feel he is up to a solid gold toothpick with monogram in diamonds and rubies—what about a mink-covered tin-opener? Or ghoulish, disembodied rubber hands, which your friend can leave groping their way out of his car-boot, refrigerator, or "toilet" seat. "What this country needs is a good laugh", says the maker. Can he be insinuating that it does not need such grave essentials as auto-fragrance capsules to scent the interior of your car with sandalwood, or do-it-yourself head-shrinking sets, or epidiascopes which project the face of your watch on to the ceiling over your bed?'

COLLECTING RAILWAY MODELS

'It is only in comparatively recent years that collectors have turned their attention to railway models', said J. N. MASKELYNE in a talk in Network Three. 'Particularly has this been so since

our old and faithful friend the steam locomotive became threatened with extinction. That is because, whatever form railway enthusiasm takes, it is basically due to the unique fascination of the steam locomotive.

'If we regard a locomotive simply as a self-contained, self-propelled vehicle, we find that the model locomotive, paradoxically, is about twenty years older than the locomotive itself; for history shows that the first self-propelled, self-contained, power-driven vehicle ever made was a steam model—or perhaps "toy" is a better description. It was made in 1784 by William Murdock, who was the first to apply coal gas to the purposes of domestic heating and lighting. His toy was made simply to find out whether an idea he had would work, and it did; after that he did not pursue the matter further.

'Eighteen years later, in 1802, the great Cornish engineer, Richard Trevithick, had the same idea as

Murdock, and he constructed a steam locomotive which, in spite of its crudity, proved to be capable of useful haulage work on the roads round Camborne. Unlike Murdock, Trevithick was spurred on by success, and in 1803 he built a second

engine; but this one required a special track, or tramroad, on which to run. His second engine attracted the attention of engineers and mechanics, including such men as John Blenkinsop, William Hedley, Matthew Murray, Timothy Hackworth and the humble engine wright, George Stephenson, all of whom, during the next twenty years, built more or less successful locomotives.

'Of all the men just mentioned, only George Stephenson is known to have made models of locomotives, and two of those models still exist, in private hands. They were illustrated and described in *Model Engineer* in 1951, when they had only just been rediscovered after many years of oblivion. Their historical interest and importance are due to their being a direct link with the early infancy of the steam locomotive, as they date from about 1810.

'I know of no other models which date from that remote period, but it is certain that from about the later eighteen-thirties, model locomotives have been built in thousands. There have always been two broadly distinct varieties of model: one made by skilled craftsmen who made everything exactly to scale, inside and outside, for mechanical record and exhibition purposes; the other produced commercially or privately as working models, or scientific toys. Because of the extreme care, accuracy and precision put into their construction, the first are far more costly to produce, and therefore far less numerous than are the second variety. The scientific toys were made in a multiplicity of types and sizes, and were sold in the better-class toyshops and scientific instrument dealers' shops well



Replica of William Murdock's model of a locomotive, 1786, in the Science Museum, London, and (right) a 'seven - and - sixpenny dribbler' of about sixty to seventy years ago



Mr. J. N. Maskelyne driving a model 4-6-2 Pacific

By courtesy of 'Model Engineer'

into my own time. They were primarily intended to work, and most of them, I believe, did, after their own fashion. The cheapest kind, known as "seven-and-sixpenny dribblers", could usually manage to move themselves, sometimes at quite alarming speed; and, if allowed to run freely over a smooth floor, they would deposit plentiful blobs of water and methylated spirit, not entirely unmixed with lubricating oil, wherever they went.

The most striking thing about those scientific toys was the absurd crudity of their appearance. Undoubtedly, most have been destroyed; but a few can still be found in private collections. They are historically interesting and valuable now, and have become collectors' pieces, worth a good deal of money. It follows that the much more accurate models of present-day railway equipment will become just as valuable fifty years hence.

FIRST DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

'George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who played a prominent part in the restoration of King Charles II, was born 350 years ago, on December 8', said ALFRED BLACKWELL in 'Today'. 'His home was at Great Potheridge, now a large farmhouse, eight miles from Bideford. The present farmhouse is only part of the building in existence when George Monk was born in 1608. Great Potheridge was rebuilt by him but largely pulled down in 1734, after his son's death. The central portion remains: it has a fine staircase with oak balusters and a broad handrail, an elegant ceiling with painting and ornamental plaster work, and a lofty room with an enormous and beautifully carved overmantel.

'Some doubt exists as to whether he was actually born here. Be that as it may, Monk spent his early days at Great Potheridge and it was from here that he went out to a wider life which took him to so great an eminence in the country's service. During the Civil War he was imprisoned for two years in the Tower. Later, after the execution of Charles I, he fought in the Cromwellian army in the service of the country, though retaining at heart the Royalist cause. It may safely be said, I think, that he fought for his country and not for Cromwell.

'During the period of Monk's imprisonment in the Tower his clean linen was brought to him by his laundress, Mrs. Ann Ratsford, born Clarges. She was the daughter of General Monk's farrier, who had his forge in the Strand. Despite her humble birth and an undesirable disposition Monk married her on the death of her husband and she became Duchess of Albemarle.

'General Monk's career was a spectacular one. Four years after the Restoration he commanded the fleet which defeated the Dutch in 1664. It was he who formed the famous regiment which became the Coldstream Guards.

There is an annual reminder of this in the parish of Merton, in which Great Potheridge is situated, where a representative of the Old Coldstreamers Association attends each year to present prizes to school children in the village.

'Four months after Monk's death in January 1670 he was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, with Charles II as chief mourner. His armour and effigy were set up in the Abbey, and one relic has become famous—his cap. In Oliver Goldsmith's satirical *Citizens of the World*

we read that it was used to hold tips to the custodian showing the effigies. In *The Ingoldsby Legends*, too, you find the custodian saying: "This here's the cap of General Monk! Sir, please put summut in".

NORTH-COUNTRY EPITAPHS

'Rummaging among old tombstones is not, I admit, everybody's idea of a hobby; and more than that, it takes some doing', said JOHN C. BOWMER in 'The Northcountryman'. 'Often, for a single epitaph, I have had to wade through an ocean of deep grass and scrape away the overgrown moss before beginning to decipher the inscription. But it is worth it. The reward is history and drama, wit and humour.

'The eighteenth century was probably the golden age of epitaphs, an age when men and women were not so conventionally polite to each other as they are today, and certainly were more expressive than we are. Stone-masons led a busy life as they carved their lengthy inscriptions, letter by letter, setting out the virtues—and the vices—of the departed, and generally throwing in a little moralizing for the benefit of those still alive. 'Usually the inscription gives some clue as to the occupation. In a tiny little churchyard on the moors between Durham and Northumberland, I found this epitaph, evidently marking the last resting place of the village blacksmith:

My anvil and my hammer have declined,
My bellows have quite lost their wind,
My vice is in the dust all laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My mortal part rests 'igh this stone,
My soul, to heaven, I hope, is gone.

'And here is one of my favourites—an angler's grave at Ripon:

Here lies poor, but honest, Bryan Tunstall. He was a most expert angler until Death, envious of his merit, threw out his line, hooked him and landed him here, the 21st day of April, 1790.

'A proficient grouse-shooter is commemorated on a tombstone at Bewcastle in Cumberland. Of a certain Jonathan Telford it is recorded:

The deceased was one of the best grouse-shooters in the north of England. In the time of his shooting he bagged 59 grouse in seven double shots.

'The pun may be to us the lowest form of wit, but in the eighteenth century it was much in the fashion; and even tombstones did not escape the punster's lively touch. Here, for example, from Lincolnshire, comes an inscription over the body of a certain John Miles:

This tombstone is a milestone.
Ha! How so?
Because beneath lies
Miles,
Who's miles below.

'Many of these rhymes are pure doggerel; but of a different order, and unforgettable, familiar to visitors to the Lakes, is an epitaph on an Abyssinian slave in Windermere churchyard:

A slave by birth I left
my native land;
I found my freedom
on Britannia's strand.
Blest Isle! Thou glory
of the wise and free,
Thy touch alone un-
binds the chains of
slavery.



General Monk, 1st Duke of Albemarle: after a miniature by Samuel Cooper



General Monk's London house in Hanover Yard, Grub Street (now Milton Street), (From an old engraving).

Fog Over Ferney

A fantasy by E. M. FORSTER

VOLTAIRE thou should'st be living at this hour'. How right the poet was! But if he was living at this hour what influence would he have and would he be interested? I have concocted a little fantasy—it does not merit the name of an article—to discuss these two questions, and I will begin by transporting myself to Paris on May 30, 1778, when he died, aged eighty-four.

His last moments were notorious: a clergyman had asked him whether he recognized the divinity of Christ, to which he had replied 'For God's sake don't talk to me any more about that man'. 'You see, he's not quite himself', the clergyman skilfully remarked to a colleague. Their enemy, the arch-mocker, whom they could not help liking, then died, and was confusedly buried. Midnight struck. On the twelfth stroke Voltaire sat up in his coffin; and my fantasy begins.

He was feeling extremely well. He had had enough of Paris and its adulation, and levitated himself back to Ferney, his country estate on the borders of France and Switzerland. He now sat up in his bed. He rang a bell and Mme Denis came in. She was his mistress as well as his niece, as everyone knew, and after appropriate dalliance he asked her what the date was. She said it was the morning of May 31, but added that the year was 1958. Voltaire had lain in his tomb or been thrown out of it for 180 years. He was not much surprised. The universe is full of exceptions and he prepared to continue his career with unimpaired vigour. His first demand was for a substantial meal and plenty of coffee; his second for writing materials, so that he could communicate his recent experience to one of the crowned heads of Europe. He proposed to be witty and philosophic and just a little blasphemous on the subject of resurrection. It should give pleasure.

Before deciding which crowned head he would address, he inspected Ferney. Several people whom he had known seemed to have moved in. There was an appalling smell of burnt vegetables from one room—Mme du Chatelet was weighing fire—and excruciating noises from another: Frederick the Great at his flute. He had always kept open house, and again he was not surprised. But Ferney puzzled him. It was smaller than he remembered, and it was dimmer. The charming theatre where his friends had acted his tragedies and also those of subsidiary dramatists like Racine—it was so cramped. And the church he had built near the front door and so civilly dedicated to the Almighty—*Deo erexit Voltaire*—seemed no larger than a chapel. And even stranger than the smallness was the dimness. The gracious white house still proclaimed: Humanity, Civilization, Enjoyment, but the whiteness no longer radiated. Was it the fault of the trees, which had certainly grown since he planted them in the eighteenth century? Not entirely. The real miscreant—he might have guessed it—was on high. A Fog had descended from heaven. There was a Fog over Ferney. It no longer shone forth as a beacon. It had declined to a glimmer. Candide, intending to revisit it, had missed the turning in the obscurity

and had arrived at Lourdes or Billy Grahamland instead. This was unexpected. Never mind. Something else to write about. He sat down in his study with his writing materials before him, only to discover with amazement that there was not a single crowned head who would wish to receive a letter from him.

He went through the list. Elizabeth II of England? So charming, so estimable, but no philosopher. With Catherine of Russia no comparison, no. The Queen of the Netherlands? A serious reader, yes, but deflected from rationalism by a female faith-healer. The King of Greece—none of whose subjects could possess civil rights unless they had been baptized into the Orthodox Church? No. The King of Iraq? A lively lad but too restless to concentrate. The Emperor—for there *was* an Emperor but he was neither Roman nor Holy, and of Abyssinia? No. And when he turned from the crowned heads to the helmeted ones, that is to say the generals who by their personal prowess or by some other means had become heads of their respective states, he found the same lack of response: General de Gaulle, General Mao, General Franco, General Eisenhower, General Ayub, General Abboud, Marshal Tito, Field-Marshal Bulganin, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, vanished generals who were never mentioned by any decent diplomat, like General Neguib: all manifested the same indifference, and so did the colonels from Nasser to Perón. Even the states which professed to have a civilian government like Switzerland or Portugal, had shown themselves recalcitrant to his spirit—Switzerland who had forbidden an anti-nuclear conference to be held on her soil; Portugal who

had forbidden a British statesman to set foot on hers. And Ireland with her censorship and Australia with her savage custom houses and New Zealand who allowed no work of art to approach her insipid shores: no. Always no. Only one head of a state would welcome a letter from him, and that was President Nehru of India. With an exclamation of delight he took up his pen.

At that moment Mme Denis brought in his chocolate, looked over his shoulder, and observed he was writing in French. French, she reminded him, was no longer the universal language, and Frenchmen no longer everybody. This perplexed Voltaire even more than the absence of crowned heads. French not eternal? He laid down his pen and tried to think the paradox out with many a resentful grimace. English, Spanish and, most extraordinary of all, Russian were surpassing French as media of world-communication. Presently he hit upon an explanation, and it is a plausible one. French had spread in 1798 because of the greatness of its literature, but by 1958 the interest in literature was declining. It was not only Ferney that was smaller—France had shrunk too. There was fog not only over Ferney but in *La Ville Lumière* herself.

Where then was there light? In Magnetogorsk perhaps, or Coventry, or Essen, or Pittsburg, but it was not the sort of light by which one can see to read. It was the light of applied science. Voltaire was not a good-tempered old man nor a very nice one,



Voltaire at the age of twenty-four: a portrait by Nicolas de Largillière

but there is this to say for him, he never whined like his neighbour Rousseau. Pulling himself together he composed his letter to President Nehru in French, apologizing as he did so for the barbarity of the tongue, and putting as he did so his tongue in his cheek. He omitted any reference to Kashmir, for he did not wish to alienate his one influential friend.

The letter was despatched and is said to have given pleasure in New Delhi. Voltaire was thinking to whom he should write next or what instance of cruelty he could denounce (cruelty had spread while he was in his grave, for the reason that there were many more people to be cruel to each other) when Mme Denis waddled in again in a state of great excitement. She had heard an extraordinary noise in the passage. She imitated the noise—errmph-err. She was an indifferent mimic and irritated her uncle, who struck at her with his cane and went to see what the noise was for himself. It was the telephone. It invited him to broadcast. He accepted.

He broadcast very well, said exactly what he liked, was obscene, subversive, blasphemous, and did not discover for some time that he was speaking to a tape-recorder and that nothing was allowed on the air that might disturb the Establishment. '*La voix de Ferney*', as it was called, provided platitudinous compliments to liberty and humanitarianism, mild deism, inexplorable tolerance, and innocuous jokes. It might have been the voice of Rousseau—Rousseau who denounced plays lest they corrupted his fellow hypocrites at Geneva. Still, even after he discovered the deception, he continued to broadcast—publicity is something—and this brings me to the end of the first and longer part of my fantasy.

What I have tried to suggest is that Voltaire, had he been living at this hour, would have been a pretty dim figure, and not nearly as influential as Bertrand Russell. Though learned, he was desultory and amateurish, his science was haphazard—think of how he cut off the heads of snails and slugs—and he readily turned an experiment into a joke. His temperament was literary and the mid-twentieth century is not a period in which literature is influential. Literature is enjoyable, it may promote individual salvation—it has promoted mine, and since I am only four years younger than Voltaire, I venture to interpolate this—but the time is gone when it awed Top People. The last time that the British nation reacted to a merely literary event was at the funeral of Thomas Hardy in 1928. That was thirty years ago. Today, those who influence others on the Voltairean scale must possess precise knowledge, organizing power, and the willingness to suffer. It counts that Bertrand Russell was deprived of his fellowship at Cambridge and was imprisoned in Wandsworth gaol.

Voltaire also went to prison. Nevertheless Ferney cannot shine far. It is too small. It sparkled on the crest of a wave which has

broken. His influence on our present world would be negligible.

But would he have found our world interesting? Answer—yes. The work of Freud and of Einstein would have fascinated him, however superficial his comprehension of it. He would have popularized Einstein as he did Newton, and used Freud to discredit Pascal. The knowledge that the physical universe can destroy the human race and that the human race is actually encouraging it to do so would have accorded with his cynicism and provided him with a further example of our imbecility. Perhaps it might have inspired him to write another brilliant *conte*. The spectacle of Mr. Dulles, Mr. K., Field-Marshal Montgomery, and other contemporary giants demarcating planetary space and proceeding to eliminate their own planet from bases on Venus or Ganymede might have given even richer results than anything he had obtained from Maupertuis at Potsdam. To his lively and resilient mind the destruction of humanity would seem more than ever inevitable, but his compassion for individuals would not have ceased, nor would his curiosity. Curiosity is his message to us. Curiosity cannot avert doom, but it can act as an inoculation against fear. The marvellous universe into which we have been born and where we may be contriving our death has developed one more marvel, namely the enquiring human mind.

What else can I add? In writing of Voltaire an anti-climax must always be sought. Several are available. I will choose the economic anti-climax. He was a shocking gold-digger. Mme Denis was another, who spent much of her life in digging away from under him the gold he had dug. So she recognized rapacity in him. When he had inspected Ferney and written some letters and broadcast, he set to work to get rich, and found it easy, thanks to his astuteness and to the intricate flaws in our civilization. He surrounded himself with advisers and other crooks who knew how to dodge the income tax and import and export regulations, and to run up the expense accounts. He employed Public Relations Officers to say how upright he was, and lawyers to threaten proceedings if anyone disagreed. He invested in commercial television, and aerial advertising, he bought up good newspapers cheap and turned them into bad ones that sold, he became one of those barons who advance their fortunes under the slogan of National Trade and adored being photographed amongst them on the *Queen Mary*. Yes, he was thankful to have been re-born into a century which kow-tows increasingly to Big Business, and he was thankful to have slumbered through the nineteenth century, where the deceitfulness of riches was still sometimes denounced and the parable of the Needle's Eye not entirely ignored.

That ends the anti-climax to my fantasy. Had Voltaire possessed our sanitary advantages, he would have compared it to pulling a plug.

Looking to the Future—III

Reason and Imagination

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL, O.M.

THESE discussions started with a frank realization of the grave faults in our present civilization, and they must have been grave indeed since they have given rise to the appalling calamities of the first half of the present century and the terror still facing us in the second half. I have said that, in my view, all this has been caused by the acceptance of wrong ideas and mistaken principles, resulting in the bad conduct of individuals and the disastrous policies of nations, and that what is now needed is active guidance into better courses by the leading minds among the peoples.

But this teaching must be accepted and acted upon by the ordinary average men and women, here and everywhere. Also, it must be acceptable to science, which is the dominating factor of the present age; and to religion, which appeals to the fundamental instincts of hundreds of millions; to philosophy as well, bringing in the element of pure reason. On that basis, I suggested that we must consider afresh some of the oldest of the intellectual puzzles which have ever vexed mankind and which many look

upon as still unsolved. Already we have tried to arrive at clear-cut conclusions on two of these: the first, often rather confusingly called 'the problem of Evil'; and the other—also misleading by its title—'the problem of Free Will'. Now I ask you to consider a factor which is not usually taken into account in a discussion of this kind. Our troubles, I believe, have been due in large measure to the errors into which man has so often been misled by his own imagination.

No doubt I shall at once be told that imagination is one of the most precious qualities of man, distinguishing him from all the rest of nature; and the origin of all the arts. It is indispensable, too, to both science and philosophy: for it enables us to speculate, and speculation is the pioneer of discovery. Also, imagination was the origin of religion among the primitive peoples, and it is still rooted deep in the subconscious of the civilized. Nevertheless, experience shows clearly that imagination, if it is allowed to run loose from reason, has again and again led the human race into disaster. In religion there were the

idolatrics which dominated the ancient world. In the mighty empires of the valleys of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Nile, as well as in India and China, or again among the Aztecs and Mayas, there were those powerful priesthoods, dominating men's minds, often for thousands of years. They rested upon the worship of invented deities that had no real objective existence at all. Some mythologies—those of Greece and Rome in particular—may have had features of beauty and charm; but all of them, in greater or less degree, were the sources of abominable cruelties and of what are now regarded as odious vices.

Calamities from Irrationalism

If we pass from religion to politics, from those long dead paganisms to recent history and the public affairs of today, we may quote any number of examples of imagination—irrationalism—causing great calamities. As an example, I would take the theory of the Divine Right of Kings. For centuries Europe was plagued by that myth. It was the prolific source of tyrannies, followed by rebellions and revolutions, and of many wars between rival dynasties. This went on all through the Middle Ages, right into the modern world. The tragic experience of England during the century when the Stuarts were on the throne will at once come to mind. Many other examples could be given all over Europe, and in other parts of the world as well.

Moreover, we see how imagination separated from reason has been the cause of disaster in our own time. Undoubtedly, the greatest evil that has beset the modern world has been war. And in our two world wars it has been carried to a record of destructiveness unmatched in all previous history. The responsibility is generally assumed to lie with a sinful and foolish mankind. But that, too, is a figment. 'Mankind?', said Goethe. 'It is an abstraction. There are, always have been, and always will be, men and only men'.

We come back again to our basic principle, the responsibility of individuals, and their actions, or their inactions, based upon their ideas. The two great wars were the outcome not of the folly of mankind as a whole but of German militarism; and German militarism was based upon a philosophy of life. This was developed and impressed upon the nation by the state-appointed professors of the German universities, led by the University of Berlin. This was not the humane philosophy of Goethe, which was brushed aside and forgotten, but the barbaric philosophy of Fichte, Treitzchke, Oswald Spengler, and their followers. The whole of it, at bottom, rests upon myths. It was inspired by Hegel's theory of the state—his doctrine that the state is a living entity, real in its own right and supreme. 'The state', he said, 'is the divine idea as it exists on earth. . . . It is the ultimate end which has the highest right against the individual'. This is nothing better than the Divine Right of Kings over again, with a philosophic camouflage; and with no more substance, for any state is nothing more than an organization of individual human beings, who have come together to establish institutions for the better conduct of their common affairs, and to maintain them generation after generation. A parliament, a government, law courts, military forces, local councils, police, civil servants, schoolmasters—all these, and the like, make up the state. About them there is nothing abstract. Without their individual personal activities the supposed 'living entity, real in its own right' would vanish. It would no more exist than the dead empires of Pharaoh or the King of Kings of Assyria or of Persia, exist today.

The great subversive movements of the present century—Fascism, Nazism, and Marxism—all share a belief in this myth: indeed, it is of the essence of their creeds. In addition, it is allied with another figment—an imagined force or principle that is supposed to govern human affairs, with such names as 'destiny' or 'fate', or, more recently, 'history' or 'economic laws'. This renders all that happens 'inevitable'—another keyword of the Communists. It is a revival of one of the basic ideas of Greek philosophy—'necessity', *Ananke*—to which even the gods were supposed to be subject. As the outcome of all this, we have Mussolini, in June 1940, haranguing a vast crowd in Rome and proclaiming 'the hour marked out by destiny is sounding in the sky of our country. . . . The declaration of war has been handed to the Ambassadors of Britain and France'. A month later, in Berlin, the Nazi Foreign Office issues a statement saying: 'Nobody now con-

tests that Germany and Italy are predestined to reorganize Europe on a new basis'.

This faith in destiny by Fascist Italy and the Germany of Spengler and Hitler resulted indeed only in defeat and utter ruin for its devotees: but after how much physical suffering and mental anguish for tens of millions of people in Europe and over a large part of the globe. Nevertheless the myth continues, under the name 'history', which is imagined to be not only what it truly is, the record of past events and human and natural experience, indispensable to the present as a guide for the shaping of the future, but something more. History is regarded as a force, formless, undefined, but irresistible, which intervenes in human affairs and can *do* things. What is so formidable is that this idea has become the essential basis of a dynamic political creed, which is held by the effective leaders of nations comprising more than a third of the population of the globe.

I may quote chapter and verse, not from textbooks or newspaper articles, nor from anything said long ago, but from recent speeches by the two men who, at the present time, have together more power than any other two in the world—Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Mao Tse-tung. The following passage is from a letter by the Russian leader which appeared in a London weekly journal in March 1958, in reply to letters from Lord Russell (Bertrand Russell) and Mr. Dulles. Mr. Khrushchev begins by saying:

Emotions are always emotions. The logic of facts is an entirely different matter. . . . If we base ourselves on facts, we have to admit that in our world today there are two world systems—the new Socialist system, and the old capitalist system. Each is developing in accordance with its own inherent laws. And these systems were not born today or yesterday. . . . If you take a look at history you will soon become convinced that the new system was disliked by many at the time. History, however, did its job.

As to the Russian Revolution, he writes:

The people themselves acted on the arena of history, proclaiming their legitimate rights. And, in the long run, this is what will happen in other countries. This is what will happen both in the United States and in Britain, though there are no Soviet Communists there, nor will there be. Such is the relentless course of historical development, and no one can halt it.

The declaration of the Chinese leader was made on November 6, 1957, as the culminating passage in a speech in Moscow, where he had gone for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. I quote from a full report issued by the Chinese official news agency. After asserting China's hatred of war and firm opposition to a new world war, he said:

We firmly stand for peaceful competition between the Socialist and the capitalist countries, and for the settlement of the internal affairs of each country by its own people in accordance with their own desires.

But when he came to state the foundation on which their whole movement is based, he did so in these words:

In the end, the Socialist system will replace the capitalist system. This is an objective law independent of human will. No matter how hard the reactionaries try to prevent the advance of the wheel of history, revolution will take place sooner or later and will surely triumph.

Pure Myth

I would draw your special attention to these final sentences, closely parallel to those of Mr. Khrushchev: 'An objective law independent of human will', and 'the advance of the wheel of history', bringing revolution 'which will surely triumph'. All this is pure myth. There is no such 'objective law'; there is no such thing as 'history', imagined as an entity, a force, an agency, capable of bringing about political results on this planet, at this time, irrespective of what may be the opinions, ideas, and actions of any, or even of all, individual persons. Here we have an example—and the clearest and most dangerous of any—of imagination running loose from reason. Accepted as a faith, by leaders wielding such power as these, it may do immeasurable mischief. Marxism, which claims to be based on reason, logic, and above all on modern science, is really based on a philosophic figment. The West, and almost all other countries which have not been prevented by military force from forming free opinions, have always seen clearly that Communism is a tyranny. We should realize also that it is a tyranny based on a myth.

—General Overseas Service

The Making of Classical Greece

R. A. CROSSLAND on the question of continuity*

ALTHOUGH classical Greece has so prominent a place in our perspective of the past, its contribution in material civilization was not in fact outstanding. Agriculture and most of its technology came to it from the Near East, and it made few technical inventions of its own.

It was remarkable for two particular features: democratic systems of government—though of a restricted kind by some modern standards; and the rational speculations of some of its leading minds. Usually one adds to these a literature, and, with a little more reserve now, an art of unprecedented quality. But these are harder to define and evaluate, and so, to the historian, less tractable as special characteristics. To call these observations trite is actually to betray a certain danger in which classical scholarship stands. The Greece of Periclean Athens is so familiar to us, and the preceding formative period is in comparison so obscure, that it is tempting to concentrate on the final product and ignore the process of development. A certain type of Hellenist has always found it more agreeable to treat the civilization which he studies as something which appeared adult and perfect on the historical scene like Athene from the head of Zeus—and even to suggest that an interest in origins and influences is not quite respectable.

Many modern scholars believe that we can appreciate classical Greece only if we try to find out how and when it acquired the new features which set it apart from others by the time of Herodotus and Thucydides. Unfortunately, little literature has come down to us from the so-called 'Archaic' period, the ninth to sixth centuries, which I shall refer to here as the 'early classical', as I have to contrast it with the pre-Hellenic, the period of the Mycenaean cities. However, archaeology and philological research are gradually adding to what we know about the Greek world itself in this formative period, and also we can now compare it more effectively with its Near Eastern predecessors and neighbours. Finally, the areas of contact through which Near Eastern influences must have passed to Greece are opening up; notably Syria, southern and western Asia Minor, and Cyprus. It is only recently that archaeologists have begun to explore these regions thoroughly.

Classical Greece presents us with one special problem. Generally when we work back into the formative period of civilization, we have to deal with a straightforward if obscure progress away from barbarism. In Greece, civilization made a sort of false start in the second millennium before Christ, which was followed by a set-back, the so-called

'Dark Ages'. So we have to consider whether there was any important survival of customs, techniques, or outlook from the second millennium civilization, the Mycenaean, through the centuries of retrogression which followed the destruction of its main cities about 1200 B.C., down to the late ninth century, when civilized cities reappear. This question has been with us for

long enough, because our earliest poem in Greek, the *Iliad*, is concerned with a war which fifth-century Greek writers put in what we now call the end of the Mycenaean period. Now, thanks to Ventris's decipherment, we can use the 'Linear B' tablets found at the Mycenaean palace of Pylos on the south-west coast of Greece, which show us that the state of which Pylos was the capital was a monarchy; that it was wealthier than any eighth-century Greek city-state is likely to have been; and that a considerable part of its economy, though not

necessarily the whole, was controlled from the palace. Beyond that they have proved disappointing. They tell us next to nothing about the kind of monarchy that was in power, or how Mycenaean society as a whole was organized.

As a result some scholars, notably Dr. Finley of Cambridge, have already asked whether these documents really have any



Part of the throne room (late fifteenth century B.C.) at Knossos, Crete, as reconstructed
From 'Greek Architecture', by A. W. Lawrence (Penguin)



Reconstruction of the entrance to the Citadel, Mycenae, from within (about 1350 B.C.)
From 'Mycenae', by A. J. B. Wace (Princeton University Press)

* The first of seven talks by various speakers

great value for the history of early classical Greece. Will it not be better to ignore them and keep to the usual approach, which is simply to work backward from the period we know well, the fifth century and to a lesser extent the late sixth, supplementing what we learn from its literature with what archaeologists are discovering about conditions in the early classical period? Is it really likely that a civilization which flourished some 600 years earlier contributed anything of importance to the first cities of that period? And, in any case, is not our knowledge of second millennium Mycenae, Pylos, and Knossos still so scanty that we are constantly tempted to make deductions about them from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which were composed, at least in their present form, in the ninth century at the earliest?

In spite of these objections I believe that there are a number of good reasons why we should start our study of classical Greece with the Mycenaeans, though we must show a reasonable caution. Evidence which reflects the early classical period directly must obviously be our main means of learning more about it, and research on this period should go ahead without preconceptions about what is likely to have survived from Mycenaean times. But we should always keep in mind the possibility that survival may have played an important role.

One reason for this is simply a matter of method. If we concentrate too heavily on contemporary evidence in studying a historical period, we may overestimate the difference between it and the one which went before it. This can be illustrated in the case of the Greek political concept of *isegoria*, the citizen's right of freely addressing a political assembly. G. T. Griffith, who discussed this at the last meeting of the Greek and Roman Societies, rightly pointed out that it is only scientific to start by determining what the word itself meant to the fifth-century Greeks, in whose literature it first occurs. But it would be a mistake to assume that the idea behind the word had no history before the end of the sixth century, simply because it is not found earlier. We have little of the kind of literature or document in which it would naturally have appeared. The right of free speech may well have existed and had a value set on it among the aristocratic and commercial minorities who ruled many Greek states in the seventh century, and to forget this could lead us into assuming more rapid and radical political change in the sixth century than actually occurred. What probably happened was that this privilege which was already consciously valued became extended to a wider section of the community.

To turn to a more concrete question, whether there is likely to have been any important cultural continuity from Mycenaean times to early classical, we can say that recent discoveries have by no means ruled it out. The evidence does point to a severe and general setback in Greece proper after the great Mycenaean cities had fallen to the Dorians, or whoever their particular attackers were. But it has also become clear that the Mycenaeans colonized extensively to the south-east, in Rhodes and Cyprus in particular; and those are just the regions through which eastern influences appear to have reached the Greek world in the eighth and seventh centuries. Italian archaeologists proved even before the war that Rhodes had a considerable Mycenaean population, and Dr. F. H. Stubbings of Cambridge has since shown that it became an independent centre of pottery manufacture for export to Syria and beyond.

More recently, Dikaios and Schaeffer have excavated a palace of Mycenaean style at Enkomi in north-eastern Cyprus. They date it to the thirteenth century, and it was presumably the seat of a Mycenaean dynast, though he was probably under Hittite overlordship at first. In the last two years the Germans under Dr. Carl Weickert have resumed the excavations at Miletus which



A Mycenaean krater from Enkomi, in Cyprus
British Museum

they gave up in 1940, and their preliminary reports speak of evidence for a permanent Mycenaean settlement there at the end of the second millennium, with continuity of occupation well into the 'Dark Ages'. All this has gained in interest since Ventris gave us proof that the Mycenaean colonists were Greeks. Certainly it falls short of showing that any Greek city stayed at anything like the Mycenaean level of civilization right through the 'Dark Ages', and we should not forget that Asia Minor and Cyprus as well as most of Greece were overrun by barbarians in the twelfth century. But it is worth remembering that it was precisely in Cyprus that the Mycenaean dialect and such old practices as chariot-fighting lasted right down to the fifth century. It may yet prove important that it was Mycenaean colonists and refugees who were living during the 'Dark Ages' in the part of the Greek-speaking world closest to the still civilized Near East.

One of the arguments against continuity of social institutions from Mycenaean times to classical seems to me to have been considerably overstressed. When the first translations of Linear B tablets were published, the initial reaction was to look everywhere for similarities to what we find in the *Iliad*. More recently the centralization and bureaucracy implied by these records have been emphasized and an unhellenic character seen in Pylos and Knossos. Too much has been made of this economic similarity to Near Eastern states, and I will show why I do not think it at all a strong argument against possible continuity of institutions from Mycenaean times to early classical.



'The Hittites were forced to maintain a militaristic social organization by the constant threat of barbarian attack': relief of a Hittite war chariot from Carchemish

By courtesy of the Turkish Embassy, London

It is certainly a disappointment that the Linear B tablets have not given us a clear and detailed picture of what a Mycenaean kingdom was like. As it is, Mycenaean civilization is still one of the unknowns in the equation. We have, however, one further resource: we can compare Mycenae with other contemporary civilizations about which we are better informed. This obviously has its risks and must be done carefully. We must always make allowance for differences in local history and conditions, and there is one important unknown factor where the Mycenaeans are concerned, the influence which Minoan Crete had exerted on them. Crete appears to have been settled from the Nile Delta and either Syria or southern Anatolia, but its civilization had developed in comparative isolation for the better part of a thousand years before it began to affect the Greeks who had settled in the Peloponnese. Its characteristics are intangible; for the most part we have to deduce them from its art. So it may have contributed to the Mycenaean monarchies a spirit different from what we find in the Near East strictly speaking.

Comparing Mycenaeans and Hittites

In spite of all this, we can get an idea of what sort of society the Mycenaeans might have had by looking at their contemporaries in Anatolia, the Hittites. The comparison is particularly interesting because we find similarities in just the two traits which in Homeric society seem to foreshadow the special characteristics of classical Greece, democracy and rationalism. What justifies comparison of the Mycenaean states with the Hittite, with due allowance for Minoan influence on the Mycenaean, is the similarity of their position within the civilized world of their day, and also in their previous history as far as we can reconstruct it.

The Hittites, like the Greeks, were a people of partly Indo-European ancestry and tradition: that is to say, the socially and politically dominant class among them spoke an Indo-European language and had moved in, probably from the north, about 2000 B.C. (very roughly). The Hittites were forced to maintain a militaristic social organization by the constant threat of barbarian attack, and the same must have been true of the Mycenaean kingdoms, at least in the last two centuries of their history, to judge by the fortifications which some of them built. So there is a reasonable chance that the two peoples developed a similar social order and system of government. Among the Hittites of the so-called New Kingdom (c. 1425-1200 B.C.) the king certainly claimed an absolute right to rule, and he lived under a strict régime to preserve his ritual purity, at least when he was at court. All this is very Near Eastern. On the other hand, he was not an incarnation or a priest-king in a strict and exclusive sense, as some have suggested the King of Pylos was; or a sort of national mascot to be cherished and guarded from accidental damage. He was clearly the active, practical ruler of his country. The few texts that have come down to us from the earlier centuries of Hittite power, the seventeenth to the fifteenth, show us kings who are much less absolute; at least they have to pay careful attention to the opinions of their nobles. We may attribute the character of this early Hittite kingship to the tradition of an immigrant Indo-European ruling class.

What we can see of older Hittite kingship is reminiscent of early Greek monarchy as it appears in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Here, too, the king has great ultimate authority. In the last resort, the lesser Achaean rulers respect Agamemnon's power. But the king at least consults a council of elders or peers, as King Alcinoos does in Homer's ideal land of Phaeacia, when Odysseus arrives and asks him for help; and in the first book of the *Iliad* Achilles criticizes Agamemnon very vigorously indeed, though here one must make some allowance for the fact that Agamemnon was leading an alliance of lesser kings in the field, and also for the personal nature of the matter at stake.

There are two possible explanations of the similarities between early Hittite and Homeric monarchy. Either the Indo-European tribal kingship which both seem to reflect survived with little change among the northern Greeks, who were not much affected by Mycenaean civilization, and then appeared after the destruction of its great cities as the normal form of government among the Greeks of Homer's time. Or else this primitive kingship had existed in the Mycenaean states themselves, too, throughout their history, as well as among the uncivilized northern Greeks of their

time, in spite of Minoan influence and the material wealth and bureaucratic organization which Pylos, Mycenae, and the other capitals acquired.

Argument from the contemporary parallel, the Hittites, can hardly solve this question definitely for us. But the declarations of historical Hittite kings do show us that the old, comparatively equalitarian tribal kingship survived for two or more centuries after the men who introduced it had come under native Anatolian and Mesopotamian influence, and after they had become the rulers of a complex and highly organized state. This should warn us against assuming too readily that the Mycenaeans could not have preserved the primitive type of kingship simply because they had grown wealthy, artistic, and capable of running an elaborate system of taxation and economic control. If one sees the germ of later Greek individualism and democracy in the independence of spirit and speech which the heroes of the *Iliad* show, then it is possible that this tradition goes back to Mycenae.

There is an interesting parallelism too between the Hittites and the Greeks of the *Iliad* in their attitude towards their gods. The modern reader of Homer must be surprised by the contrast between passages which show a real fear of the gods, like the lines describing the plague which Apollo sent among the Achaean army almost at the beginning of the epic, and others in which gods are treated most lightheartedly. The famous example is the tale of how Hephaestus caught his unfaithful wife Aphrodite with her paramour Ares by making a couch which turned at a touch into a cage of golden rods. Classical scholars have been inclined to see here a contrast between an older, more respectful and perhaps more superstitious attitude, and an occasional lapse into a cynical or humorous treatment reflecting the outlook of the courts of Homer's own day.

Hittite texts of the thirteenth century, however, already show something of the same contrast. They include numerous prayers to the gods in times of calamity which show a fundamental religious fear, and the gods' absolute power over man is expressly stated in an interesting text which instructs priests about the spirit in which they must approach their duties. Yet the few mythological stories show us the gods themselves in moods of fear and situations of little dignity. The best preserved tells of the dynastic struggle in heaven in which the Storm-god won his mastery. (He was the head of the existing dispensation for the Hittites, just as Zeus was for the Greeks.) After the Storm-god's victory his defeated rival, Kumarbis, created a monster with a body of living diorite, called Ullikummi, who was to rise from the sea and destroy the newly established Olympus. At the nadir of his fortunes in his struggle against this creature we find the Storm-god weeping in futile rage beside his chariot, and his wife almost falling from the roof of her palace in a faint, as she looks across to the battlefield and sees the danger he is in. We are reminded at once of Aphrodite's ignominious encounter with the mortal Diomedes when she tries to help her favourite Aeneas in the fighting before Troy.

Dual Attitude to the Gods

The explanation of this dual attitude to the gods probably lies in the strongly anthropomorphic outlook of both the Hittites and the Homeric Greeks. The god was a super-aristocrat. His power over man was in the last resort unlimited. But in some way he needed man, or at least could derive pleasure from his service. Like the human aristocrat, too, he had his failings and could be laughed at on occasion. If Homer's ambivalent attitude to the gods of Olympus is the first sign of the sceptical spirit which led Xenophanes to question their very existence in the sixth century, then that Hellenic characteristic also has a long ancestry.

It would be unwise to assume that the Mycenaean Greek was exactly like his Anatolian contemporary at Hattusas. But what we know of the Hittites' outlook should at least warn us not to divide the ancient world too simply into tortuous, superstition-ridden Near Easterners, and unspoilt Indo-Europeans developing in Greece and its vicinity into clear-thinking Hellenes. Comparison at least shows us that we have complicated questions to deal with, and that the Mycenaeans are not to be labelled 'Hellenic' or 'un-Hellenic' according to the degree of similarity one thinks one can see between their economy and those of some Near Eastern states.—*Third Programme*

The End of Our World

The second of four talks by J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY

BY our world I mean the patch of history in which we find ourselves. It is a special kind of culture: one among many. Thus, for example, there is a Chinese world and an Indian world with which most of us are unfamiliar. There are even worlds which we have learned actively to distrust and dislike. Most of us feel this kind of distrust and misgiving when we contemplate what little we know of the Communist world on the other side of the Iron Curtain. On the whole we know and understand remarkably little about that particular world, but what we do know—for example, the treatment of the Hungarian rebels and their leaders—fills us with the gravest doubts and misgivings. No doubt it is true that we do not understand and sympathise sufficiently with the Communist world to do it justice, but we cannot altogether avoid the suspicion that if we were to do the Communist world justice it would have to be very rough justice indeed in order to be justice.

But if we take an unfavourable view of some other world like the Communist one, we must not forget that our own society is not above all criticism. We must agree that we have many unsolved problems; but, we may reasonably say, the Communist way of solving our problems is a bad way of doing it because it is at the same time a way of raising up the even more serious problems of the Communist world itself.

However, the main point is that for all groups of human beings there is a world of culture and society which they might properly describe as 'our world'. The probability is that each of these worlds will, even within history itself, come to an inevitable end. Supposing we could return to earth in 5,000 years' time, do we really think that if we were to examine the map of the world, as the men of that time would make it, we should find one large patch of earth marked the United States of America and another huge land mass entitled the U.S.S.R.? Do we really suppose we should find the map of the world at that distant date dotted with pink to denote the countries of the British Commonwealth? Surely we should rather expect all these things by that time to have come to an end and to have been forgotten by all except erudite historians. History as we know it is a process of change, one that is always bearing old things away and bringing new things into being.

Losses and Gains

It is now nearly 200 years since Gibbon wrote his famous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. This melancholy element of decline and fall is far from being the only element in history. Even while Gibbon's Roman Empire was declining and falling, other new and better things were coming into existence. But at least it is true that this element of decline and fall is inevitably woven into the texture of human history. And can we abjure the law of death and birth even within the history of one continuing culture? Consider the social changes which have taken place in Great Britain during the last twenty years. These cannot be assessed in terms of either total loss or total gain. In the sweeping economic and social changes that have occurred since the war it must be obvious to any but the most besottedly partisan minds that many goods and values have been sacrificed. On the other hand, it must also be acknowledged that many other goods and values have been gained. No doubt the population is fairly evenly divided between those who consider that what we have gained outweighs what we have lost and those who take the opposite view, that what we have lost outweighs what we have gained.

That is the kind of question about which any decisive answer is impossible. We know of no mathematical way of adding up and estimating the moral and social values and subtracting the less from the greater. There neither is nor can be any mathematical calculus of values. In politics we divide into parties, with their characteristic antagonisms. But the choice we make depends

very much on the kind of people we are, the way we look at life, and our general background, rather than on rational principles which can be clearly demonstrated. One kind of man goes one way and another kind of man goes the other. Perhaps it is for the ultimate good of society that this should be so. The case for going either way is about equally strong. What we ought not to do is even to try to pretend that our political judgments are of an objective scientific character and certainly we ought always to remember that the arguments used by the man on the other side of the fence are as convincing to him, he being what he is, as the arguments we employ are convincing to us. No doubt there are areas of life where some kind of ultimate dogma is possible and desirable, even necessary, but politics is emphatically not one of them.

The 'Chronic Instability of Historical Things'

In history, then, all things, even the good things, have an end. Some of them no doubt last a long time, but none of them lasts for ever. It is our Christian belief that in this world nothing has really come to stay except the Gospel and the Church which lives by proclaiming the Gospel. Other things, even the best of them, are essentially temporal and transitory. The real reason for this chronic instability of historical things is the way in which even our highest values are undermined and corrupted by the fact that they have to coexist with our sins. We do not live in a world in which everything is necessarily corrupt, but we do live in a world in which everything is in principle corruptible and many, perhaps most things, are corrupted.

Thus the element of instability and mortality so characteristic of human civilizations and régimes in history, of social institutions and cultural forms, is due to the way in which even our best intentions are always confounded by the inevitable extent to which they compromise with our sins and shortcomings. Natural and social life in this fallen world always involves some kind of accommodation with sin. Consider, for example, the reasons why our social arrangements include divorce laws and heavy armaments. Our way of life is a kind of continual flirtation with the way of death. Human civilization lies beneath the judgment of God. And even the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was compelled to say: 'Here we have no continuing city and no abiding stay'. In our terms that means all that we seek to create within our history can only be found, in fact, beyond history. 'They looked for a city which has foundations whose builder and maker is God'. By a strange paradox all that is most valid and most spontaneously natural and human in what we do from day

(continued on page 1038)

COMPETITIONS IN THE LISTENER

The Christmas number next week will include a General Knowledge paper on subjects connected with broadcasting, a Christmas Crossword, and a Bridge Competition

There will be, in addition to the usual contributions, a new poem by W. H. Auden

NEWS DIARY

December 10-16

Wednesday, December 10

The Prime Minister, in a statement on Cyprus in the Commons, rejects the idea of a further inquiry into the conduct of British soldiers on the island

It is announced that Britain's trade gap fell last month to under £10,000,000—the lowest for twelve years

Australia wins the first Test Match against England by eight wickets at Brisbane

Thursday, December 11

The Russian Government says it is ready for a four-Power conference to discuss a German peace treaty

The Minister of Transport tells Commons that he has asked the British Transport Commission to undertake a detailed and urgent review of the modernization plan for the railways

The Greek Foreign Minister reaffirms that the British plan for Cyprus is unacceptable as a basis for discussion, but says that M. Spaak's proposal for a round-table conference might be discussed with reservations

Friday, December 12

Commons gives second reading to a private member's bill designed to prevent house agents or landlords demanding exorbitant prices for furniture and fittings

U.N. General Assembly condemns, by a big majority, the repressive measures being carried out in Hungary by the present Government and by the Soviet Union

Saturday, December 13

United States Army shoots a rocket containing a monkey into space

Russians renew their proposals for a 'summit' meeting and a non-aggression pact between east and west

African leaders in Accra decide to set up a permanent organization to work for independence throughout Africa

Sunday, December 14

Foreign Ministers of Britain, the United States, and France, meeting in Paris, publish statement reaffirming the determination of their countries to maintain their position in Berlin

Professor Marcel Nicolet, Secretary-General of the International Geophysical Year (which ends on December 31), says that the information collected would 'keep scientists busy for at least 100 years'

Monday, December 15

Ministerial Council of O.E.E.C. meets in Paris and fails to agree about a free trade area

The Pope creates twenty-three cardinals at a secret consistory in Rome

Tuesday, December 16

Nato Ministerial Council rejects Russian proposals for Berlin

Mr. Mao Tse-tung is reported to be giving up his post as Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic

Sir Anthony Eden leaves for a three-month stay in Mexico



A Norwegian girl lighting tapers from the giant candle which forms part of the Christmas decorations in Akersgate, Oslo, the equivalent of London's Fleet Street



Rome prepares for Christmas: hundreds of glitter over the Via Frattina



Schoolchildren crowding round a display stand in the toy department of a big London store last week as the rush of Christmas shopping reached its climax



Right: winter sunshine at the Tower of London: a photograph taken last Sunday when a bright, clear day ended a week of snow, hail, and heavy rain



Christmas-time in New York city: a sixty-four-foot spruce dominates the Rockefeller Centre where this year the scene, designed by an Englishwoman, Miss Valerie Clarebout, represents a fairy forest; the deer are made of aluminium wire

lake crystals hang



A girl on a farm near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, bringing in a load of mistletoe last week for the Christmas market



Princess Margaret waving as the frigate *Otago*, which she launched at Southampton on December 11, slid into the water. It has been built for service with the New Zealand Navy



Right: a scene from Andrée Howard's ballet *La Fête Étrange* which was danced by the Royal Ballet Company at Covent Garden for the first time on December 11. Svetlana Beriosova is seen as the bride being carried by the country boy (Firmin Trecu)

(continued from page 1035)

to day is aimed at a reality which lies above and beyond history, or, to put it another way, history itself is meaningless if it is thought of as a process in which we merely aim at making more history. History has a meaning only if it is a genuine going somewhere, and the somewhere to which history is going is not itself history but the Kingdom of God. As a character in Mr. T. S. Eliot's play *The Family Reunion* remarks:

You bring me news of a door
That opens at the end of a corridor—sunlight
and singing—
When I had thought that every corridor
Only leads to another.

To ignore this truth, to suppose that the real goal of all our historical striving is itself just one more piece of history, is to commit the fallacy of utopianism. A utopia is a kind of secularized, humanized version of the Kingdom of God, occurring within history and conceived of as though it were itself a part of history. It is a historical society which has eliminated the corruption of all known historical societies and which will therefore be more stable and live longer than any erstwhile civilization. Many

famous thinkers have dreamed of utopia—Plato, perhaps; Sir Thomas More, certainly; Karl Marx, yes, in his own peculiar way. For such thinkers the history of the societies which have an end will culminate in the rise of the perfect, endless society. But the difficulty about all such theories is that this perfect, endless society will itself exist in time, must itself assimilate and make its peace with our human finitude and corruptions, and in fact seem pointless, frail, and unexciting because by definition, having arrived at the perfect point, it can have nowhere else to go and nothing to accomplish.

If it is possible for the aim of all human life to be achieved in this world, then our history can only end in pleasant, innocuous boredom and pointlessness. Utopias are insipid, life in time without purpose. History as we know it is often a fearsome thing filled with nightmares of anxiety, but at least history as we know it is a better thing than history as the utopian idealists dream of it. Somehow, if we place that which gives final meaning to all life within human history, we not only fail to give meaning to life, we even render all history meaningless. History, like everything else that happens in time, is a blend of life and death in which that which dies, dies justly and meaningfully because the death of

what dies is the price paid for the life of that which lives.

So it is that the element of decline and fall, of historical catastrophe and social change is woven into the tapestry of history. The old order changes, yielding place to the new, only for the new in turn to reveal in its own way the characteristic corruptions and imperfections of the old, and to fall at last beneath the judgment of the God of history, to be weighed by Him in the balance and found wanting. Even though we avoid violent revolution and catastrophe, we certainly cannot avoid more and more far-reaching social change, sometimes slow and insidious, sometimes sudden and drastic. Neither in this civilization nor in that, neither under this régime nor under that, is the real goal and purpose of all history disclosed. That golden purpose is to be found only in the Kingdom of God, and our vivid experience of the way in which historical things change and pass away—as, for example, we have experienced it in this twentieth century—is simply a sign that here indeed we have no continuing city and no abiding stay, that God will not let us rest anywhere but in His Kingdom; the death of our world vividly reminds us that our real world is not our world at all but His.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—We have the support of Sir James Jeans and many other scientists and astronomers for refusing to accept the cosmology of Einstein while availing ourselves freely of the mathematical theories of relativity. De Sitter's amplification of Einstein's cosmology fundamentally involves the slower vibration of light waves in distant points of the universe through the equal partnership of time and space throughout the entire cosmos. De Sitter's cosmology thus accounts for the Doppler displacement to the red which Professor Lovell still attributes solely to the recession of the extra galactic nebulae. We have the additional facts that the spectral displacements recorded by the distant galaxies are not in any way proportionate to the relative distances, and the approach towards our own galaxy of the Great Nebula M.31 in Andromeda.

In view of this it appears futile to reason as Professor Lovell does from the premise of an expanding universe to the origin and history of the cosmos.

Until the architecture of the galactic universe was resolved by the Herschels over two centuries ago the geocentric mentality of science had concentrated on theory now long discarded. If it be considered that our galaxy may lie comparatively close to the boundary of a curving space, around which it is orbiting, in addition to its rotation and the rotation of its component parts, it will be seen that the motions of the island universes and their Doppler effects are largely accounted for. The difference in speed between the inner and outer components of this wheel or spiral of unimaginable dimensions, necessitated by diverse but irrevocable

laws, would easily account for the Doppler effects and the Einsteinian cosmology which necessitates an expanding universe. There is a partial analogy to this in the fact that the carriers of our earth satellites appear to overtake and flee from the satellite itself. The vast circumference concerned will account for the fact that until a nebula such as M.31 comes again into our sector of the firmament on its endless journey, as it does today, it will appear to be running away from us.

It is the expanding universe theory which will explode in due course rather than the universe which has been condemned to infinite expansion and explosion by modern astronomical science.

Yours, etc.,

Blackrock

MICHAEL WALSH

Sir,—I am flattered that Mr. Koestler should think that I write as a Catholic, but I must point out that, anxious as I am that my thinking should be catholic enough to interrelate religion and science, I write, if anything, as a Jew. At the same time, I find the catholicism of Mr. Koestler's talk of a 'unitary source of science and religion' glibly vague. What is this 'unitary source'? Where is it? Does he mean that all scientific findings are synonymous with and translatable into religious findings, and vice versa? I cannot accept a God who is a mathematician; first, because judging from what one knows of mathematicians, it seems a bit of a come-down for God, and, second, because, if God is a mathematician, I do not see why I should have to work out his sums for him. I would even be cautious of accepting God as an artist because some art is destructive. Of course

I am right when I write that religious thought is autonomous.

As Mr. Koestler admits, when he talks of science reducing our concept of the world into that of 'an abstract heaven over a naked rock', science creates the world in its own arid image, and what are called 'objective facts' are what science from different angles and with different mechanical aids chooses to offer as such to us at different times. Heisenberg and Einstein, the laws of uncertainty and relativity, have thrown us back on to subjectivism and made Berkeley and Kant fashionable again.

What difference does it make to our religious beliefs if the world is round or square, expanding or contracting? In what way did the Roman Catholic Church change its essential doctrine in relation to these changing theories, as distinct from interpreting its doctrine in the light of these changing fashions? All the great scientific discoveries have been inspired guesses. That is, they have been acts of Faith which have been confirmed by experiments. Hence, religion and science cannot be partners although a religious assumption can be confirmed scientifically. The disestablishment of science was not due only to Galileo or any other rebel against the establishment.

It was due to the belief, which all too evidently survives, and which Brecht naively expressed in his play *Galileo*, that thought, uncurbed by the Church and (by implication) religion would become 'free' and therefore able empirically to find new scope and new syntheses for human belief and action. This conflict between the established system of religion, philosophy and science and the empiricism of the

rebel has been going on through history, and it is Shaw's theme in *Saint Joan*. It is behind the classical-romantic conflict in the arts and it can be seen in action, not only in terms of Roman Catholicism, but also in terms of Communist orthodoxy and the Zhivagoist rebel. The establishment and the rebel are necessary to each other. One must start with an assumption and read the facts in terms of it. If the facts don't fit, one must *reinterpret* either the assumption (the faith) or the facts. Hence, not only Galileo, but also Lysenko.

On the one hand, the danger is of excessive constriction by the establishment, and on the other, of rationalism bombinating in the void. Nevertheless we have to decide whether our thinking is to be guided logically or theologically, physically or metaphysically. Science is not justified merely because it 'works'. An atom bomb 'works'. It can be justified only because it works in a good way. Therefore, when Mr. Koestler speaks of a 'unitary source' he will have to decide what kind of unity we want, and even whether unity is altogether a good thing. As a Jew, temperamentally attracted to monolithic rational unity and conditioned by monotheism, Einstein persisted in seeking the unified field. But there can be unity in diversity, and scientists may well be guided by such religious and, possibly scientifically relevant, archetypes as the Holy Trinity—Yours, etc.

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Sir,—In defence of his thesis that the clash over Copernicus and Galileo had nothing to do with the objective pros and cons of the heliocentric cosmology, Mr. Koestler seems to be misreading the latest documents. Saying that I was speaking for the anti-clerical side, he asserts that I ignored the fact that the telescope revealed no stellar parallax and that Galileo's discoveries therefore spoke against Copernicus; what I said was that the defects of the Copernican mechanism were quite irrelevant to the issue—as indeed they were. He states that I ignored the essential distinction between the treatment of the heliocentric system as a hypothesis and its treatment as absolutely established truth; actually I said that the essential question was whether any Catholic could be allowed to believe as a fact that the earth went round the sun, and I do not think I could have put the point more clearly. He continues to imply that Copernicus's work was only four years on the Index; in fact, as I said, it remained on the Index for over two centuries.

Professor Lovell described quite correctly the treatment of Galileo after his trial: he lived the remaining years of his life under house arrest. Nobody with any knowledge of the case would misunderstand Milton's phrase as meaning that Galileo was physically behind bars, but it was not a mere figure of speech as Mr. Koestler would have it. Galileo, both in writing to friends and in appealing to the Holy Office, continually referred to his house as his prison, with every reason. Even after he had become blind, he was ordered by the Inquisitor-General of Florence not to go out into the city under pain of actual imprisonment and excommunication, and not to speak to anyone of the condemned opinion of the motion of the earth. And his request to be allowed to be carried to hear Mass at a church twenty paces from his door had to be referred to Rome for approval. All

this does not show that Galileo was treated harshly by the standards of the age, in fact he was treated leniently; but it is most misleading to suggest that his troubles arose from his use of a scientifically untenable Copernicanism as a propaganda weapon; they arose from the theological claim to a monopoly of astronomical belief.

Finally, a small but illustrative point. Galileo's daughter was surely not a Carmelite nun, she was a Franciscan. It is the distinction between white and grey.—Yours, etc.,

Wallington

MICHAEL KELLY

Sir,—Professor Lovell has been dazzling us with marvels. But which, after all, has been the more remarkable—the colliding nebulae of a million or so light years away or the spectacle of *homo sapiens*, once an amoeba, busy staring at and studying them? Or is he, in the last analysis, just hydrogen too?—Yours, etc.,

Easton Royal

H. H. BASHFORD

No Poetry in Railways

Sir,—I read with great appreciation Mr. Norman Nicholson's talk, 'No Poetry in Railways' (THE LISTENER, December 4) and can only take issue with the idea that affection for railways is a form of sentimentality and the notion that appreciation of poetry in industry is confined to those who view from a distance.

Twenty-five years ago as an apprentice engineer I derived real daily pleasure from riding to work on a tramcar at 7.0 a.m. Wet or fine I would contrive to travel outside, upstairs where I could best appreciate the rock and sway of the heavy vehicle along its rails. A picture remains in my mind of wet cobble-stones and reflected gas light with the tram rails glistening ahead. At this time, and for a number of years to come, I lived within 200 yards of a large railway goods yard and can truthfully say that I found the rebound of buffers and the strong notes of shunters' horns sheer music, even after midnight!

The years have passed by and I am now a foreman in engineering; machinery is as familiar as my own bedroom, but constant aesthetic appreciation is part of my working life. The idle overhead cranes throwing their dark shadows, as seen in a deserted shop when working late, the contrast between bright concentric metal at one side of a lathe tool and rough black metal bumping round at the other when a forging is being turned, or the lovely motions, in an old steam mill engine, contrasting in their actions, but so serene and graceful like the parts of an orchestra.

I agree with Mr. Nicholson that railways offer the crowning experience. The charm of railways would seem to lie in their having retained an essential simplicity, to having matured into real harmony with the natural landscape, and to their composition of enduring materials which have given them stability and character. I would however stoutly maintain that little of this is sentimentality. Is it not the realization that certain familiar things originally created for economic and technical purposes have, through long association, become part of our heritage, and that aesthetic appreciation of these things is no more sentimental than the enjoyment of birds, rose gardens, or the Snowdonia National Park?—Yours, etc.,

Huddersfield

WILLIAM B. STOCKS

'Happy Harmony'

Sir,—Much as I feel that I am not competent to argue with Professor FitzGerald, there are certain points about the Chinese in Siam in his talk (THE LISTENER, December 4) which are misleading and that I think ought to be put right for the sake of the interested reader.

There are fundamental differences between Siam and the neighbouring countries in south-east Asia which have had an immense influence on the Chinese settling in that country. Siam is the only country in that area in which the Chinese are to a very large degree assimilated with the native. This is due partly to their racial affinity and partly to the policy of the country. In the past, when Siam was the only country in south-east Asia independent of foreign rule, a Chinese could gain prestige and office only by becoming Siamese. A Chinese of the second or third generation would be in appearance, manners, speech, and way of life almost indistinguishable from the Siamese, and, most important of all, he would consider himself a Siamese.

Education also plays a very important part in determining this. Professor FitzGerald has grouped Bangkok along with the rest of south-east Asian cities, where Chinese children still go about carrying Chinese school books. This is only partly true in Siam where there are only primary Chinese schools, and Chinese who want a higher education than that for themselves or their children would either go to a good Siamese school or a westernized one, very often beginning their education there altogether without ever having been to a Chinese primary school.

In the matter of dress, Professor FitzGerald says that the Thai city folk wear costumes 'identical' with their Chinese neighbours, and then goes on to speak of Chinese women's slit gowns. This gives a misleading impression that Siamese girls wear this sort of garment too, which is not the case. They wear their traditional *panung*, or slim skirt folded in front adapted from their own *pasin*, or else adopt the western-style skirt altogether, especially for the young modern girls. No Siamese girl would be seen in a Hong Kong style dress, and, moreover, even the Chinese women in Siam tend to adopt the Siamese costume, i.e., a blouse worn with a *pasin*-style skirt.—Yours, etc.,

Kenton

OUSA WEYS

Marry Forsooth!

Sir,—Why should Mr. Harold Kurtz say that it is 'widely assumed on no better authority than a mediocre but famous poem' that the Duchess of Richmond's ball was on June 17? In the poem in question (presumably Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto III, stanzas 21 ff.) the date is clearly intended to be June 15, because of the reference (canto XXIII) to 'Brunswick's fated chieftain'. Who could assume otherwise? The Duke of Brunswick could hardly be present at a ball on June 17 when he was killed on June 16.

In any case, Mr. Kurtz is splitting hairs. The ball took place on the eve of the Waterloo Campaign (Ligny-Quatre Bras-Waterloo-Wavre) which was, in effect, a single operation lasting three, or at most, four days, taking place on a frontage of about a dozen miles, and the same in depth. Miss Kennedy might therefore fairly speak of it as 'that battle tomorrow'.

Yours, etc.,

West Huntspill

C. TRENCHARD

The Poet in the City

By ROBIN SKELTON

I WAS not born in the city. I was born in east Yorkshire, in a small village by the sea, and for the first seventeen years of my life I was always able to see a field from my window, and spend a good deal of my time exploring woods and commons, or climbing cliffs, or beachcombing, or just simply looking at farmyards and trees and fishing-boats and buttercups and birds. In those days the city was a mystery to me. Noisy, dirty, garish, and inhuman, it held a kind of appalling fascination. I would spend a day in Hull every once in a while, and my puritanical soul was at once revolted and fascinated by the glare of the shop windows, the vast anonymous rushing crowds, and the whole hectic atmosphere. Sometimes, however, I came upon a quiet, dingy back street, and realized that people actually *lived* in the city, and I felt afraid.

Sometimes, as at Hull Fair, before the war snuffed all the lights out, the people of the city seemed savage, raucous, and unaccountable. And sometimes, in a park, the grey trees and the artificial boating lake and the shouting children convinced me that the city was a place of pathos and melancholy. But as time went by I found myself surrounded more and more by chimneys and cobbles and soot and clanking trams, and less and less by fields and trees. My skies became greyer. My poems still talked about the country—and many of them still do—but I began to be part of the city as well.

There is nothing unusual about this. It has happened to hundreds of people. And nowadays the poet is more likely to live in a city flat or suburb than in a cottage. He may easily have been born under the smoke pall, and his earliest memories may be of dark streets, and gas-lamps, and the noise of traffic. He may live in a city all his days, and, if he does, he will find himself having to write about it—for a poet must write about things that are real to him, not things he only idly dreams about.

But what poetry is there in the industrial city? It is only recently, after ten years in Leeds and Hull and Manchester, that I have begun, myself, to see the beauty and the meaning. Walking the back streets, I have found a kind of human poignancy that I never found in the dales or the wolds. Here is a wall with a tattered poster on it. The poster is bright and optimistic, a picture of a girl maybe, fantastically beautiful, a blonde superwoman with the smile of a piccaninny. The wall she has nearly been torn from is black and scratched with children's messages, and there is a crumpled newspaper in the gutter. What could be more full of significance? The bright dream and the dark reality; the ideal splendour and the actual waste and desolation; the cheap attractive answer to our problems growing tattered as we think of real



'The Footbridge': a painting by L. S. Lowry

By courtesy of the Lefevre Gallery

people and their fumbling words. Or, again, look at the factory chimney, tall and delicate against the sky, a goddess, maybe, that the crouching rows of back-to-back houses have to bow before. Or look at the yellow lamplight on the wet, night pavements—it blazes and dazzles, a miracle of radiance shining from the commonplace darkness of our grubby lives.

I could go on for ever about such things. There are poems everywhere. Once you get away from the city centres with their big stereotyped stores and the huddle and rush of cars and people and policemen, and once you find the street with the shop on the corner and the hesitant gas jets and the wash-

ing in the back yards, you discover that every city has a different personality. The shopping centres and the upper middle-class suburbs may look roughly the same, but the places where generations have worked and lived and died with their own way of speech, their own customs, and even their own way of standing and walking and buying the groceries or the beer: these have personalities as strong and individual as anyone could wish.

These are the personalities with whom so many of us live, and the poets among us must explore them and try to understand them through their words. Poetry is, after all, about what is real and important to people, and the city is very real and terribly important in our lives. I myself, these days, find poems looking at me from the windows of the closed cotton mills as often as I find them muttering phrases to me beside the sea, or jumping up at me from the pages of the book I am reading. In fact, even while I was working out what to say in this talk, a couple of lines came to me:

The great trams of the cobbled hills
stand round
Like dead gods at the terminus of their
years.

It is an idea—still raw—still fumbling—but it may turn out to be the beginning of something.

But I do not want to talk about my



Deansgate, Manchester, at night

poetry, for I am only a naturalized inhabitant of the city, and there are others who have known the speech of the city all their days. Take Tony Connor, for example. He is one of a number of young Manchester and Salford poets who have always lived in these streets, and his work shows a passionate feeling for man in the city. If his characters suffer, they suffer beside dark, rain-wet walls, or in grubby parks. If his lovers lie down together, they do so not in a pastoral landscape but in the hired room of a second-class hotel. The loneliness of the streets and their crudity and cruelty affect him. And the way in which the solitary man, the poet looking for words, is harassed by the realities of these streets is one of his themes:

One that would make the frenzied echoes die
paced the dark cobbled streets,
but found no silent place.
A dog barked in his face,
and, flapping like mad sheets,
he saw the dead about the graveyard fly.

Whether they flew for him or for some other
he did not stop to think,
being preoccupied
with the earth's other side.
A shadowed woman winked,
but she was flesh and very like his mother.

Under a lamp he marked his steaming breath
and wondered at its weight.
Pouring from public bars
harsh laughter tore his scars,
but supper would not wait.
The streets ran on to someone else's death.

It is not that he, or others, like David Dunn who lives in Moss Side, Manchester, and is a van driver, or John McDonald who earns his living as an unskilled labourer—it is not that these young writers continually describe the city, but that they hear all their songs and see all their dramas in this environment, and so help us to feel the beauty and pathos and tragedy and romance of the commonplace. The language they use is hard and strong as the pavements they walk, and as vigorous and direct as the people they live with. Tony Connor hears the song of a child bouncing a ball:

Molly Vickers
wets her knickers,
George's father's big and black
cream on Sunday,
milk on Monday,
I'm the cock of all the back.

Who're the gentry
down our entry—
Mrs. Smith's got two T.V.s,—
what if her coat
is a fur coat,—
all the kids are full of fleas.

High and low and
to and fro and
down the street and up the hill.
Mrs. Cuthbert's
husband snuffed it,—
she got nothing from his will.

Mister, mister,
Shirley's sister
won the prize on Blackpool prom,

Mam will smother
our kid brother
when the school inspectors come.

Skip and hopping
I'm off shopping,
Tuesday night it's chips for tea,
please to take this
ball and make this
song of bouncing song for me.

This light-hearted, affectionately satirical song is as much a song of our urban world as *My love is like a red, red rose* is a song of the country. It is not a song we have heard before from a poet, but it is about real things. And, in a way, it is a minor revolution in poetry that is happening in some of our northern cities. A new voice is emerging—a voice that is resonant, down-to-earth, passionate, and full of vigour. As I walk through those back-streets, remembering perhaps Burns and Dunbar and Chaucer, all of whom had an ear for the common tongue and an eye for the vigorous vulgar world about them, and thinking, too, of James Joyce and Dublin, of Dylan Thomas and industrial South Wales, I wonder if these young poets may not be the northern vanguard of a much bigger movement. Maybe that is getting too close to prophecy, and, in any case, there are other poets, too, in the north, writing in other ways; but there is definitely a new impulse behind a great deal of the poetry being written in our northern cities today, and it is, clearly an impulse to be welcomed.

—North of England Home Service

Four Poems

Night-labour

Whether for rope to hang my love,
for a bag of gold with which to fire
the heart which fires the guy to fire,
for a whipping-boy whose dry eyes give
justice a pretext not to spare,

for a scalpel's journey into pain,
for life that lays the blood to bed
(black spittle) on the eyes of God,
for death to prove the hands of men
turn no red sea that covers God,

or for silver pieces—these thrown down
to find an echo for a wrath,
for a chink of grace through which to scan
what lies above the pelt of faith,
my roots night-labouring grope towards man.

QUENTIN STEVENSON

'Moult Sont Prudhommes

Les Templiers

Kings and Bishops murder law,
Yet we dare not complain.
Scholars wind a rope of straw
They call a golden chain.
Tired of these, and worse, I would
Be sworn a Templar Knight;
For that order seems all good,
Were they not bound to fight.

They have Golgotha to guard,
And keep the passage free
For all pilgrims, in regard
Of God, by land and sea.

Then, they are true knights and brothers,
No man keeps his own:
All must share alike with others;
So their love is shown.

Their great houses, like their swords,
Are strong and burnished bright.
Poor in heart, and yet like lords
They live, to do men right.
Yet their order I refuse;
Their friendship, name and wealth
I would rather miss than choose
A battle, for my health.

F. T. PRINCE

Death of the Poet

He lay, his propped-up countenance was clear,
Pale and denying in the cushions steepening,
Since Earth, and this, his knowing of Earth,
deepening,
Torn from his senses opening,
Snapped and fell back on the indifferent year.

They who there saw him living did not guess
How singularly he was one with these,
For this: these deeps, these meadows and these
trees
And these surrounding waters were his face.

O but his face was this whole distance wide
That still inclines to him and woos his mind;
And this his dying mask, with fear pale-skinned,
Is tender and revealed, like the inside
Of an exposed fruit spoiling in the wind.

VERNON WATKINS
(translated from Rilke)

Poetry Reading

Lifting his poems of death in a heap
Out of a basket, typed on loose pages,
He spoke the fragments haltingly,
A middle-aged boy woken from sleep.

He conjured lines out of the basket
Tenderly, with apprehension
Of a gesture no one made.
A question was there. No one could ask it.
Or even frame it. Faces, faces,
And by the open window, roses.

The images were pale, uncheering.
His face sought reassurance at
Each phrase: the students lay about
With the smiling nods of the unhearing.

They were only kind because his eyes
And nervous hand somehow revealed
A prophet resistible
And lost whose stammered prophecies
Contained, however, in themselves
A splinter of destructive truths.

That reading closed a hectic day.
It had been hot. The drink came round
And he was silent. Then we talked,
And at the end he went away.

I think of him. He left us in the night,
A jersey loosely tied around his shoulders,
Walking through avenues, silently
Mounting against the failing light.

JOHN FULLER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Art and Architecture in Italy 1600-1750

By Rudolph Wittkower.

Penguin Books. £3 10s.

Reviewed by F. J. B. WATSON

COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE almost complete absence of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian works from our national collections are familiar today and are striking evidence of a comparatively recent reorientation of taste. In the nineteenth century when the great English galleries were taking shape and indeed until less than forty years ago 'late Italian art', as it was usually called, was regarded with something not far short of contempt. Today, if the sale-room is any sort of barometer of contemporary taste, Tiepolo, Canaletto, and Guardi are far more highly esteemed than any but the rarest Renaissance or pre-Renaissance works. This changed attitude to baroque art is a consequence of the increasing attention which scholars have been paying to this period ever since shortly before 1914. Hitherto no serious attempt has been made, at any rate in English, to sift and chart this material, much of which is written in German or Italian and often printed in specialist periodicals not easy to find. As a consequence, although 'baroque' is a word with considerable emotive appeal to the ordinary intelligent man it remains a somewhat vague concept in his mind, an evocative idea focused around a certain type of painting, particularly the painting produced at Venice during the eighteenth century.

To such non-specialist enthusiasts the latest volume in the enterprising Pelican History of Art will come as a somewhat cold but salutary douche. Painting plays a subsidiary role in Professor Wittkower's book, rather more than two-thirds of which is concerned with architecture and sculpture. Rome, not Venice, is at the heart of the picture almost throughout. Caravaggio and the Carracci are the only painters to have chapters to themselves. The swarm of lesser painters at Venice, Naples, Genoa, and elsewhere in Italy are packed into a bare sixth of the text; Tiepolo gets a mere three-and-a-half pages while Bernini, Borromini, and Pietro da Cortona are each given a longish chapter to themselves.

These proportions are not due simply to the fact that Professor Wittkower is the greatest living authority on Bernini and famous as an historian of post-Renaissance architecture. The book is in fact extremely well balanced. It is the popular view of the baroque which is out of perspective and not Professor Wittkower's. Bernini was incontestably the dominating figure of what Professor Wittkower calls the High Baroque and his influence remained pervasive throughout Italy until the coming of neo-classicism. Outstanding as an architect and sculptor, and a painter of some merit in his earlier years, Bernini aimed, in his finest creations like the Cornaro chapel or S. Andrea al Quirinale, at achieving a complete synthesis of all the arts in which architecture, sculpture, and, last and not least, painting should blend together to produce a single overwhelming emotional effect. This synthetic approach to art

is possibly the most fundamental characteristic of the baroque. It was an achievement of the Roman school and it explains the almost peripheral role played by painting and by Venice in the evolution of the baroque.

But the very virtuosity of Wittkower's command of his central theme (his chapter on Bernini is a masterpiece of lucid and compact exegesis) seems to have resulted in some distortion at the edges of his picture. With so vast a field it is perhaps too much to look for the same distinction in his treatment of painting as of the sister arts of architecture and sculpture. All too often the pages assigned to painting are little more than lists of names. In the fore-



Detail from the bronze bust of Urban VIII (1640-2), by Gianlorenzo Bernini, in Spoleto-Cathedral
From 'Art and Architecture in Italy, 1600-1750'

word he permits himself some mildly critical comments on the excessive attention paid by specialists to the by-ways of baroque paintings, criticisms with which it is easy to sympathize. But the work of specialists is valuable in so far as it provides the groundwork of fact on which a comprehensive history like the present must be built. No doubt specialist researchers are merely undertaking what a literary critic once described as 'the higher navvying', but the facts they grub up must be respected. Historians ignore them at their peril. The chapters on painting are not invariably as accurate as could be wished. It is true that these are only minor blemishes on a very remarkable piece of historical writing, but they lessen in some degree its value as a text-book for students, presumably the principal audience to whom this series is addressed. Such flaws, however, are inherent in the planning of the Pelican History. They could only have been entirely avoided had a different specialist written each of the various sections. This was the scheme on which Michel's vast *Histoire de l'Art* was planned. The Pelican History's gain in intelligibility, as compared with that great French compilation,

is enormous. Whilst Michel is a useful reference book but quite unreadable, the Pelican series is luminous history. Amongst its volumes Wittkower's *Italian Art 1600-1700* must take a very high place indeed. It is a brilliant essay in the interpretation of one of the most complex and fascinating phases of Italian art.

Under Six Reigns. By G. P. Gooch.

Longmans. 25s.

Some historians enthral us by the rolling majesty of their narrative, others dazzle us with flashes which suddenly illuminate whole vistas of the past, others inspire our awe by their weight of learning, the sheer industry which lies behind their work. It is pre-eminently the latter category to which Dr. George Peabody Gooch belongs. Some twenty-four books on subjects ranging from seventeenth-century political ideas to pre-1914 diplomacy, most of them involving much research and reading, have come from his pen. It may be that none belongs to the minute class of really great historical works, but—subtract them from the corpus of modern historical writing, and we soon realize what alarming gaps would be left.

As well as a deep love of history there are two essentials for such an achievement: a long life, and an absence of external distraction. Dr. Gooch has enjoyed both. He was born in 1873 and he inherited substantial private means. (His father—hence Dr. Gooch's Christian names—was a partner in George Peabody & Co., which subsequently became J. J. Morgan.) He, therefore, did not have to follow the normal academic career and waste half his time teaching.

He did, it is true, enter politics for a brief period in 1906 and, as befitted an anti-imperialist temperance reformer, sat on the Liberal benches. But Bath, his constituency, reverted to its natural Toryism in 1910, and he was never in Parliament again; although, if the die-hard peers had had their way, he might have been, for he was one of the Liberals to whom Asquith would have offered a peerage, if it had been necessary to swamp the House of Lords in 1911. Dr. Gooch is too modest to mention this fact. His only other important non-historical occupation has been his editorship of the *Contemporary Review*.

This latest book is an enjoyable and kindly retrospect of his long and useful career. His education was first at Eton, where his form master was the future Dean Inge, and which he left at fifteen through ill health. He then spent three years at King's College, London, which was, he tells us, 'deliciously up to date' compared with Eton. Thence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and found among his contemporaries G. M. Trevelyan, G. E. Moore, and Bertrand Russell. Despite the absence of history teaching at Trinity—not one of its sixty fellows was a historian—he obtained a First, having attended the lectures of Seeley, Prothero, Tanner, and Cunningham.

He became a protégé of Lord Acton and, though Dr. Gooch disclaims the title of being Acton's favourite pupil, he expresses his gratitude to that 'impenitent individualist', as he

calls him, who 'had he not been the child of Catholic parents would never have entered the totalitarian camp'—a description of the Church of Rome which will perhaps not be universally applauded. Dr. Gooch has inherited Acton's liberalism and industry, but neither his reluctance to write nor his moral rigidity. I wish he had told us more about Cambridge history and Cambridge historians.

Dr. Gooch has known most of the leading political and intellectual figures of his day. His personal sketches are some of the best parts of a book which in general contains too much history of public events and not enough of Dr. Gooch. Indeed it is surprising how little the author tells us about himself, apart from what he has written or read. Perhaps modesty, common sense, liberalism, and kindness are not by themselves the ideal virtues for an autobiographer. Saint Simon possessed none of them, but he is, it must be confessed, much more fun to read than most modern memoir writers. I suspect that for the perfect autobiography at least a touch of vanity, a drop of vinegar and a dash of malice are needed. Subject to this proviso, Dr. Gooch's book makes very agreeable reading.

ROBERT BLAKE

Love and the Princess

By Lucille Iremonger. Faber. 25s.

Fresh from her admirable inquiry into the ghosts of Versailles, Mrs. Iremonger has done well to turn her detective skill to an attempt to discover the identity of the father of the child born in 1800 at Weymouth to the Princess Sophia, youngest daughter but one of George III. Was it, as is commonly supposed, General Garth, one of the King's Equerries, who gave the boy his name, lavished care and affection upon him and appeared to regard him, though without formal acknowledgment, as his son? Or was it Papendiek, the handsome Court page, or was it, most infamously, Cumberland, the Princess's own brother? All three men had the opportunity to seduce, but to all three there are objections. Garth was fifty-six (to Sophia's twenty-three) and was reputed to be 'as ugly as the devil'; and if guilty, would he subsequently have been given charge of his own daughter's household by the Prince Regent who had real affection for his many sisters? Papendiek's culpability rests on a single uncorroborated testimony, Cumberland's on most dubious provenance—the venom of the Princess of Wales and the hatred of the Whigs. A plausible alternative to these suspects would be someone whose name has never hitherto been so much as whispered and for whose sake the courtly old Garth chivalrously consented to act as a cloak. But if so, who was the man?

In endeavouring to solve this teasing problem Mrs. Iremonger has cast her net wide. To demonstrate the emotional frustration under which his daughters lived she has quite rightly paid much attention to the life and upbringing of George III, who, however (she should be reminded), did not glory in the name of Briton but of Britain and did not (as in the old Whig legend) spend 'vast sums' out of his private purse for purposes of corruption. The love life of the sisters next engages her attentions and it is not until more than half-way through her book that the authoress reaches Sophia. Then, a disappointment for which she is not responsible awaits the reader—Mrs. Iremonger, for all

her charm and dexterity is unable to produce the rabbit from the hat. A most provoking sentence in the concluding chapter informs us that 'the name of the man whom the (Garth) family believe to have been the real father, passed down through generations only by word of mouth, has been told to me—but still as a secret and not for publication'.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

The Boss. By Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart. Phoenix House. 21s.

Pity the poor business man as he stands, topper in hand, begging for a little encouragement. It is not that he fears starvation—he has never done that—he only wants a chance to be a *business man*. In this brilliantly entertaining book he is spot-lighted from all angles. It is a book about top management, about 'men who understand the strategy of business'. The way to the top is discussed, due attention being paid to the advantages of a public school education and the making of profitable 'contacts', but the important questions are: the nature of those who have arrived and their plight. Books stream from the press in America recommending the cultivation of qualities that will ensure success. Such are self-confidence, drive, hard work, a 'high degree of ability to organize unstructured situations', enterprise—where would the entrepreneur be without it?—and so on. Such qualities, surely, come in handy in other occupations. What the business man must have in addition is a love of business, a love of making money, and an enjoyment of the thrills and risks of the market. He must be like the man who wrote: 'I like golf but it killed me to think of the real good fun I could have been having at the office'. Needless to say he was an American.

In America the business man has enormous prestige. His employees are business-minded and admire his wealth as a sign that times are good. In this country he is not beloved. The economists, having been on his side in the past century, now find him exasperating because he does not behave according to their rules. The public are envious and faintly contemptuous. Business is a bit dirty; it is distressingly materialistic. The business man cares not a fig for the economist—and rightly—but he is pained by his tarnished reputation. He still feels a bit sheepish about child labour and all that, but then he reflects that he does perform a useful function. 'Service, and not exploitation must be the inspiration of business men', said Samuel Courtauld, '... and I believe that this is a religious inspiration'. That is one line to take, and one need not doubt its sincerity, for men are complex in their motives, but all the same the left-winger simply guffaws. The high-minded demand professionalization but can you turn an art into a profession? Management can be professionalized, of course, but adventurers cannot operate according to a code.

Not content with abusing him for being wicked, we take away his money. The direct rewards of our top brass are far less than those of their American opposite numbers and they have to make do on their expense allowances. This means that their employees, who think that anyway they get far too much, accuse them of fiddling, and do a little second fiddling on their own if they get half a chance. In any case his rewards must be kept down in the interests of

doctrinaire egalitarianism. They are more generous in the U.S.S.R.

The question therefore arises: can we not dispense with the odious fellow? If we were self-supporting we might argue that he has done very well to raise our standard of living, but that now he is a great nuisance with his constant nagging at us to buy things we don't need in order to keep the wheels of industry and the pens of the financiers working. But, alas, we are not in this happy position. We have to export. The British business man is, of course, abused for being incompetent even at that, but all the same, who is better? Will state shareholding improve matters? Will the private sector be large enough? In the interests of efficiency—if, indeed, business men are more efficient than state employees—dare we suggest a change of heart towards them? Heaven (and Labour) forbid such a wicked thought. No, the future is murky, but the authors have some useful advice to offer. At the worst, under complete nationalization, the business man will get in on the top floor, but this is not much consolation to men who love business; they become mere organization men. If they play their cards carefully they might put off the evil day. First let us all declare that we are in the final stage of capitalism; that will satisfy the consciences of the left-wing doctrinaires. Once autumn has been declared we can remember that September is often a delightful month. The trade unionists might reflect that they would prefer to negotiate with business men rather than with the state—during the final phase, of course. Later on... but need there be a 'later on'? The Indian Summer might last for ever. Such is the advice to which the book has been leading up. Perhaps it is unwise of plotters to reveal their plots, but the portrait presented of the business man in a fix is certainly extremely comical.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Johnson and Boswell. The Story of their Lives. By Hesketh Pearson.

Heinemann. 21s.

The idea of combining in a single book the lives of the great Dr. Johnson and his little biographer is certainly a bold one, but Mr. Hesketh Pearson is to be congratulated. He does not bring forth any new material, but he has tackled the vast mass available with discernment and skill. He has produced something eminently readable. The heavy breathing of Sisyphus is not audible, even when he is dealing with the life of Boswell before he met Johnson, which is rather depressing although full of activity. He gets through it with despatch.

Boswell, in Mr. Hesketh Pearson's opinion, was not a model biographer. He had little critical or selective sense. 'Believing that everything about his hero was interesting, he included many dull and unrevealing letters, many conversational repetitions, and many of Johnson's dictations about matters of no interest, interspersed with lengthy comments by the author, mostly of an infantile order; and the book is about twice as long as it ought to be, which may explain why it is almost unknown in foreign countries'. Idolators of Johnson are likely to believe, with Boswell, that nothing about him should be omitted, and many people find Boswell's most infantile comments glorious. Hardly anyone would ever have heard of Boswell if he had never met Johnson. He had

Christmas List

NON FICTION

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Good Taste

Edited by
SUSAN CHITTY 25s
'An excellent feminine book.'
Evening Standard

This Slimming Business

JOHN YUDKIN 15s
Professor of Nutrition in
the University of London
'An intelligent common-sense book
in firm no-nonsense language.' *She*

Conviction

Edited by
NORMAN MACKENZIE 18s
'Invaluable.'
Observer

Seven Times Seven Days

EMMANUEL D'ASTIER 18s
'An incomparable picture of
de Gaulle's other accession to
power.'
Spectator

Tribute by Trophy

REX HAYS 25s
'Very readable.'
Veteran & Vintage Magazine

Second Chorus

HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON 15s
'Takes jazz seriously but never
runs into absurdity.' *Sunday Times*

FICTION

Turn Again Tiger

SAMUEL SELVON 15s
'It has the directness, simplicity
and charm of the authentic folk
story.'
Evening Standard

The Good Lion

LEN DOHERTY 18s
'Gets to grips with the sort of life
that people really live.'
Manchester Guardian

A Wreath for the Innocents

FRANCIS EBEJER 15s
'This sad little story sticks in
the memory.'
Times Literary Supplement

River Giant

ROGER CUREL 15s
'A powerful description of the life
and customs of Central Africa.'
Times Weekly Review

Honey and Gall

EMMANUEL D'ASTIER 15s
'Fine thinking distinguishes this
novel.'
Birmingham Post

The Gravy Train

EDMUND WARD 15s
'This talented novel is strongly
recommended for caustic dialogue
and wit.'
Times Literary Supplement

MACGIBBON & KEE



*This
Christmas
entertain with
new zest...
serve*

**CINZANO
BIANCO**



CINZANO
BIANCO

YOUR FRIENDS will delight in this delicious
drink from Italy.

Mellow, yet refreshing — smooth and
golden, CINZANO BIANCO is a unique white
vermouth, with its sweetness tempered by
a fascinating aromatic tang.

CINZANO BIANCO's distinctive individual-
ity is best appreciated when served straight
— well chilled; but is equally enjoyable
with soda and ice; or as the principal
ingredient in many intriguing cocktails.

This Christmas enjoy a new pleasure —

CINZANO BIANCO

Large bottle 16/9; half-bottle 8/10d.

And for your further enjoyment...

CINZANO RED

Sweet, dark and richly
coloured, CINZANO RED per-
fectly exemplifies the tradi-
tional Vermouth of Italy.

Bottle 16/9; ½ bottle 8/10d.

CINZANO DRY FROM FRANCE

Quality and distinction are
self-evident in this genuine
DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH.

Bottle 17/6; ½ bottle 9/3d.



INVEST IN CITY OF COVENTRY MORTGAGE LOANS

(Trustee Securities)

**5½% FOR 4 to 10
YEARS**

For further particulars apply:

City Treasurer (L), Council House,
Coventry

NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Chairman: The Marquis of Normanby, M.B.E.

The compassionate realise that
Blind people are deprived of many
interests and occupations, but it is
less understood that books in
Braille enable the sightless to tap
the hidden treasures of the mind.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

can bring new courage and an inner
vision to more finger-tip readers.

35, GREAT SMITH ST., LONDON, S.W.1
(Reg. Acc. Nat. Ass. Act 1948)

FOR HOLIDAYS ABROAD MARLBOROUGH'S SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOKS

MAKE LANGUAGES EASY

They provide a wide range of
Vocabularies and Phrases
arranged under subjects and by
means of the ENGLISH PHONETIC
PRONUNCIATION provided you
are enabled to SPEAK the words
you require and make YOUR-
SELF READILY UNDERSTOOD.

IDEAL FOR TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS
Obtainable in 37 languages
from 5/- each

Write to the publishers for list E, post free
on request

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., LTD.
13-16 BRITTON ST., LONDON, E.C.1

**how
to
write
and
sell**

free

Each month THE
WRITER publishes new
helpful articles specially
designed to achieve
one aim — to enable
you to increase your
income by writing.
Benefit, then, from the
knowledge and experi-
ence of experts in
every field of saleable
writing. Increase your
income by learning
how to write effectively
... for magazines and
newspapers, for book
publishers, for radio
and TV.

Send now for free
folder. "What's
in It for You!"

THE WRITER, 124, New
Bond Street, London, W.1

Write after reading
The Writer—and Sell!

little skill in letters; personally he was quite ridiculous, and sometimes—for instance in his treatment of the dog given him by Paoli—revoltingly cruel. (It is only to be hoped that he exaggerated his cruelty, for effect, but the hope is thin. He was essentially truthful.) He rivalled Pepys in his maudlin chronicles of his pursuit of females, mostly of very unsatisfactory result. He did not, like Pepys, do a good job of work. He was dreadfully concerned with his health, which was indeed bad, mostly owing to drink. The fact remains that for one reader of the works of Johnson, there are a thousand of Boswell's 'Life', and he produced something immortal. His difficulties were great. His hero was hideous in person, grotesquely uncouth, often very rude, and of a lamentable constitution. But Johnson was great, and Boswell recognized the majesty of his character, and was able to transmit something magical.

It is a little to be regretted that Mr. Hesketh Pearson, who has pulled out nearly all the plums, and who is scrupulously accurate, even when it is inconvenient, passes over, rather cursorily, Johnson's accounts of an event in his life which was important: 'a paralytic stroke which temporarily deprived him of speech'. Nothing in the life of Johnson is more moving and more admirable than his descriptions of this experience. Boswell realized it, and reported every possible detail—the terrible waking to find 'a confusion and indistinctness in my head', the surprising sleep which followed, and then, in the dawn of that June morning, the letters, painfully achieved, by that immense figure, opening, 'It has pleased Almighty God to deprive me of my power of speech'.

Everyone will be grateful to Mr. Hesketh Pearson for the two chapters telling us what happened to Boswell after he lost Johnson. His 'Life' was a success, but he never knew what a success, and he was regarded in society as something of a 'sneak guest'. His cares, as a mainly absentee Laird of Auchinleck were many, and his eldest daughter and both his sons aspired to be authors. His end was rather sad, carefully herded by three sharp-eyed spinster daughters, who did not want a step-mama.

CAROLA OMAN

Even More for Your Garden

By V. Sackville-West.

Michael Joseph. 18s.

Miss Sackville-West provides further pleasant reading for the enthusiastic gardener with her new book. Its title is apt, for it is full of reliable information from start to finish. Set out in calendar form, it makes it easy even for the beginner to realize that here is material written by a master hand in an attractive way. The reader is taken into the lovely gardens of Sissinghurst Castle, Miss Sackville-West's own creation from which she draws her knowledge not only of successes but the failures that often happen in the best regulated gardens. How often we have tried to understand the cause of scent: one plant with a beautiful scent that brings the bees and insects into the house contrasts with a similar plant absolutely scentless. She dislikes conifers in a small garden. Yet she admires them in the proper surroundings. This is sound. A good touch, too, about the heavy clay—valuable information is given to the beginner who meets this soil for the first time, not to get down-hearted but grow those plants which thrive on clay, and there are many.

Top dressing the hedges, too, is excellent. Far too often the hedge receives nothing but clipping and never a mulch. When you consider the number of plants in a hedgerow, generally dry at the roots, no wonder they need an occasional feed and top dressing—and the planting of ornamental ones, rather than common robbers like privet, is a charming idea, making the garden a place of interest. I can imagine walking round the author's garden as she points out the many varied plants. The enjoyment she gets with her notebook just jotting down things that appeal to her is obvious—no wonder she writes such valuable and true-to-life material.

All through the months really good plants are mentioned that make our gardens of today what they are. Those people with only a small patch can readily find the suitable plant, no matter whether it is a small shrub or a few flowering plants. The list of nurserymen who can supply is of the greatest help to those requiring to purchase, and there is something for everybody, no matter how large or small the garden is. This work has given me much food for thought and real pleasure, and I can thoroughly recommend it to anyone wishing to make a present to other garden-lovers. They will find the exact information they have been seeking.

Read and act on the advice given for each month and you will be delighted.

F. H. STREETER

The Oxford Book of Irish Verse. XVIIIth Century-XXth Century. Chosen by Donagh MacDonagh and Lennox Robinson. Oxford. 21s.

This 'Irish' anthology contains a good deal of verse which is usually thought of as English, such as Goldsmith's 'The Deserted Village', the Christmas carol 'While shepherds watched', several poems by Emily Brontë, a bit of Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam' and Wilde's 'Reading Gaol', poems by Mr. Robert Graves, Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, and Mr. Louis MacNeice. But the implicit intention of the editors was to give as many distinct examples as they could find in the last two and a half centuries of what the Irish race—a dispersed one—has done for the English language in verse form. Incidentally, one of the things it did not do was to make a new dialect. That being so, we need not complain that some of the poems are bad, such as 'Reading Gaol' or Arthur O'Shaughnessy's examination-piece 'Ode' about the 'movers and shakers', or rhetorical like much of Davis, Mangan, and Ferguson, or airy-fairy copywriting like Allingham:

They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam:

but we can wish they had found more of Swift, Goldsmith, Emily Brontë, and Yeats (whom they represent at his weakest and strongest), and more translations from the Gaelic of the quality of Eugene O'Curry's, one of the earliest and finest examples in the volume:

Do you remember that night
When you were at the window,
With neither hat nor gloves
Nor coat to shelter you?
I reached out my hand to you,
And you ardently grasped it;
I remained to converse with you
Until the lark began to sing.

The inclusion of 'poetical' passages of prose from Synge and Joyce seems out of place.

There are some mistakes which must be

corrected. For instance, one of the editors says in the introduction 'This volume is the work of a young poet and an old lover of Irish verse'. But the younger of the two, according to information in the volume, would appear to be forty-six. There is an error of ten years in the date of birth, and therefore of the position in the anthology, of one of the contributors, Geoffrey Taylor, who was born in 1900, not in 1890; and there are mistakes in the poems themselves, for instance a word left out of one by Iremonger, and in his 'Hector' a comma changed to a full stop at the end of a stanza where the sense has to carry on to the next. The title of a Yeats poem has been altered without comment.

But the worst fault of the anthology is the favouritism shown by the editors to their own generation. They have included thirty living poets over the age of forty-five, in addition to twenty-seven born after Yeats but who have died, of whom three are famous for their part in the Easter Rising, and one as an English musician (Sir Arnold Bax). But there are only four poets under the age of forty-five, and only one of these is under thirty-five. Much rubbish has got in among the older crowd, and some good work among the few young has been left out. To have got a more balanced result, one of the editors should have been English or American, or young.

Of the Irish poets included who have lived at home and written well, there are four one might single out among the living. Austin Clarke is technically the most accomplished poet in Ireland, but in his themes, which are often religious, the most bitter. Patrick Kavanagh, author of a sad, profound, unpolished vision of a peasant's life and day-dreams called 'The Great Hunger', which should have been included in this anthology, is a sort of modern Irish Langland, though without the high moral seriousness. Valentin Iremonger may be described as a poet of the affections who is clear, moving, and individual; and Thomas Kinsella, the youngest poet here, some of whose benefits have come from re-seeding the old Gaelic pastures, is also, like Iremonger, most moving in his love poems.

RICHARD MURPHY

Charles Dickens: A Critical Introduction

By K. J. Fielding. Longmans. 15s.

'Of making many books there is no end', we read in *Ecclesiastes*, and the making of books on Dickens is becoming 'a weariness of the flesh'. Some writers at certain periods are seized upon by biographers and critics and subjected to close investigation. Shakespeare has had a very long innings; Byron is still in play; and it now looks as if Dickens will score a century or two. One sees why. Shakespeare practically started the ball of drama rolling; Byron put the Romantic Movement on the European field; Dickens knocked everyone for six as a best-seller of first-class fiction. Also none of them was quite respectable. No reader of 'Troilus and Cressida' could accept Shakespeare as a sound family man. Byron's irregularities were notorious in his time. Dickens has at last been found out; and as for so many years he was considered a model of domesticity, the discovery that he had a mistress has given his reputation a filip that may help him to surpass his eminent predecessors as a subject of perennial interest. Starting with half a century's credit for moral rectitude, the sud-

den exposure gave him a great advantage over the other two, and there may soon be a special department in public libraries devoted to Dickensiana.

The latest instalment by K. J. Fielding has the merit of being brief and makes a few good points that have not been made before, as well as a few bad points. 'It was just because acting and managing made no demands on his creative resources', we read, 'that he was able to expend

such vast energy upon them and still remain fresher than anyone else at the end'. That should be told to the horse-marines, or at any rate to an actor-producer. Dickens's readings, which were acted, made so much demand on his creative resources that they killed him. The writing of *Edwin Drood*, which followed his last series of recitals, was a relative rest-cure. Mr. Fielding further says that the interesting thing about Dickens's connection with the reforma-

tory home for prostitutes financed by Miss Coutts is 'that it tells us nothing about him, except that he had a tremendous practical ability and a passionate love for administration'. This is a shallow view. It is clear that no one can be interested in reforming prostitutes unless he is interested in prostitutes. Space forbids our going deeper into the matter, but a book on the subject is sure to be on the way.

HESKETH PEARSON

New Novels

- The Bell.* By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 15s.
Of Age and Innocence. By George Lamming. Michael Joseph. 21s.
The Wild Coast. By Jan Carew. Secker and Warburg. 16s.
Love and the Loveless. By Henry Williamson. MacDonald. 16s.

MISS IRIS MURDOCH'S new novel is elaborate in construction and extremely ambitious in scope. We are asked to see people not only as they appear to themselves and to one another but as they might appear to the eye of God. We move on various levels of experience, and Miss Murdoch gives us every assistance in finding our way among them, but even so we are by no means sure at the end what is shadow and what is substance.

In a park in Gloucestershire stands a country house, Imber Court, which is the home of a lay religious community; in the same grounds, across the lake, is Imber Abbey, a Benedictine convent which the lay community exists to serve. We hardly see inside the Abbey but are given to understand that it is a centre of religious and spiritual power; within Imber Court we see how the weaknesses and frailties of the flesh prevail even in those who humbly devote themselves to the service of a higher order of being. The leader of the community, Michael Meade, is a homosexual who is thwarted in his religious vocation by temptations to which he somewhat too easily succumbs; his repressed passions are stimulated by Toby, an attractive schoolboy who is spending a vacation in the community, and there is also Nick, with whom he was once in love and whose presence continually reminds him of an earlier lapse from grace. There is also Dora, amoral and unhappily married, to lead Toby astray and to view the activities of the Court and the Abbey with the sceptical eye of a pagan. These, and other relationships, pursued to a length which sometimes reveals a surprising lack of common sense, come to a climax as the result of a conspiracy between Dora and Toby to substitute the medieval bell which they recover from the lake where it has been lost for centuries for the newly cast bell which is to be mounted, with appropriate ceremonies, in the Abbey tower.

Miss Murdoch writes beautifully, and particularly her evocation of the scenery and grounds of Imber Park has a haunting quality which gives to her story the tones and depths of a great painting. She also has a powerful and acute intelligence, which shows itself not only in sharpness of wit and observation but in a rare capacity to subject her characters to a dispassionate and objective judgment; it says much for the life and vitality with which she endows them that they are able to stand up to such scrutiny without withering away. If there is a flaw in *The Bell* it is that the symbolism

with which it is overweighted seems to be imposed upon the story rather than to grow naturally out of it. But Miss Murdoch is certainly one of the most remarkable and gifted novelists writing today.

In comparison with *The Bell*, Mr. George Lamming's new novel, *Of Age and Innocence*, must be judged a failure, in spite of its many high qualities. Mr. Lamming has an extraordinary gift of language, so great indeed that often it takes control of him at the expense of everything else, and this is unfortunate because he has much to say that would be better said more plainly. In *Of Age and Innocence* we are in a West Indian island, San Cristobal, where a kind of savage Messiah has succeeded in uniting its various coloured races in a single political movement; they are on the eve of achieving independence, and the Colonial government responds with measures which do not stop short of a plot to assassinate their leader.

Into this complicated political situation are drawn two pairs of lovers who have left England to make a new life in San Cristobal, and as a background to it there is the secret society formed by four small boys, who imitate the political gestures of their elders but with a sincerity of which they are not capable. No one emerges from this situation unscathed and many meet violent ends; there is one scene at least, the murder of the island's chief of police, in which Mr. Lamming shows that when his gifts are under control he can achieve the most dramatic and exciting effects.

Mr. Lamming is a West Indian; Mr. Jan Carew is also a coloured writer, from British Guiana, but he has none of Mr. Lamming's sophistication or his verbal exuberance. He is a natural writer, with a freshness and simplicity and a capacity for direct statement which have a charm of their own. *The Wild Coast* is a *Bildungsroman*, the story of the education for life of a Dutch-Creole boy on the Courantyne coast of British Guiana. He lives on his father's estate, under the care and guardianship of a Negro housekeeper, who tries to preserve him from the savage and pagan influences which surround him. In form the novel is almost entirely episodic, with just sufficient plot to hold the episodes together. What we are given is a series of scenes whose effect upon the boy we are largely left to guess at, yet we see clearly how each one contributes to his growth from boyhood into maturity. A hunting trip in the swamps, during which a herd of wild hogs

attacks and destroys a jaguar, a ritual orgy in celebration of the Shango gods; the boy's relationships with the villagers on the estate, with the African woman who introduces him to sex, with his coloured tutor who has tried vainly to educate himself out of his savage environment; in all of this there is little which has anything in common with the ordinary lives of most of us, yet all seems perfectly natural, and most of all the half-clear, half-troubled, vision with which the boy looks at it. Mr. Lamming and Mr. Carew together make one realize what a wealth and variety of new gifts and new experiences are being brought into English writing by the coloured peoples of the Empire.

I have not read the earlier volumes in which Mr. Henry Williamson has recounted the story of Phillip Maddison, before and during the Great War of 1914-1918, which he continues in *Love and the Loveless*. If they are all as good as this I must make haste to remedy my omission. In this volume, Phillip Maddison is a young transport officer in the Machine Gun Corps during that appalling blood-letting in the summer and autumn of 1917, which is commonly known as the Battle of Passchendaele. The description of the fighting itself is so vivid as to make one wonder once again how the human body and the human spirit ever endured such intolerable hardships, yet in glimpses of Haig and his staff Mr. Williamson makes us understand how Passchendaele might be justified on military and political grounds, if on no other. It is no ordinary achievement to write in a way that does even approximate justice to an immense human tragedy, for Passchendaele was certainly tragedy even if, in the eyes of Haig and others, it was also victory, or the unavoidable preliminary to victory.

But what is equally extraordinary is Mr. Williamson's eye and ear for the details of a period which now seems even further from us than many periods which historically are more remote; his soldiers, officers and civilians speak with a voice of a doomed generation yet with a vivacity and a historical truth that make the living seem, in Yeats's words, more shadowy than they. It is a feat of recollection that has something in it which is akin to genius. If one can judge by *Love and the Loveless*, it seems certain that when the story of Philip Maddison is finally completed it will compose a chronicle which will be of permanent literary and historical value. There are not many works of fiction of which one can say that.

GORONWY REES

The idea that had to go

Everyone knew that oil tended to thicken up in cold and thin out in heat. It always had done. How could it ever be any different?

It was a challenge to research. Why couldn't a new *kind* of motor oil be produced, an oil that would stay thin when cold yet protect like a thicker grade as temperatures warmed up?

It wasn't easy. It meant changing the way oil behaved by blending it with chemical additives. But it was done and every motorist can be thankful; for in Shell X-100 Multigrade he can buy an oil which combines several grades in one and does things for him no oil could do before.



It gets him quickly off the mark on winter mornings. It gives him instant engine protection in that crucial period just after starting when most engine wear occurs. His battery will last longer and, with less engine drag, he will save petrol in his everyday driving.

This remarkable Shell Multigrade oil is the result of a readiness to challenge existing ideas—which is the mark of leadership. With such products as this, Shell is making your motoring better and more economical.

You can be sure of



CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Arms and the Man

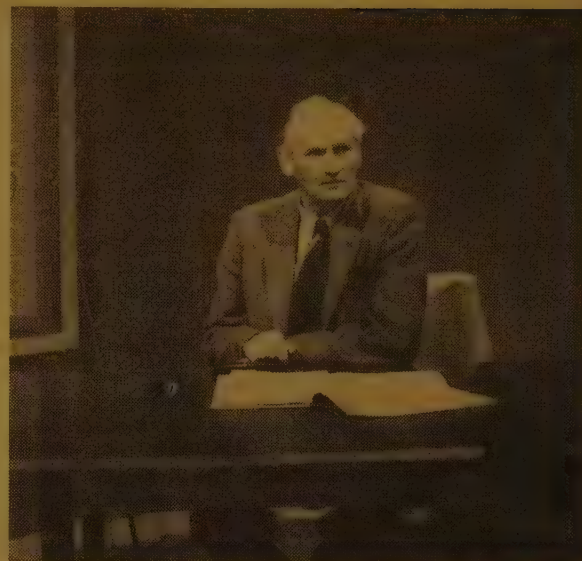
FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY has obviously got the B.B.C. eating out of his hand. Last Sunday week, in a quarter of an hour's lecture, heralded by awed trumpets, he introduced his new series on 'Command in Battle'. He remarked on how important it was to have good subordinates, and observed that this was doubtless true also of civilian life and even of the B.B.C. 'At least', he added, 'I hope so'. It sounded genial enough; it also sounded like a threat.

It is hardly surprising that this series of his has received so much advance publicity, so that we know, for instance, that the Field-Marshal keeps his own television set at the back of his house and only switches on for 'Panorama' or Shakespeare. This is, after all, a historic series in the strict sense of that overworked term. One has only to recall how the written records of famous generals of the past are studied, and to imagine what it would be like if the film had been invented in time for previous commanders to show us in person what decisions they took and why.

Lord Montgomery, though he breaks all the rules, is nevertheless an impressive television 'personality'. In that introductory quarter of an hour we had examples of his religious and professional refusal to romanticize war; his belief in the sacredness of life; his passionate faith in the British soldier ('battles are won primarily in the hearts of men'); the celebrated outspokenness, when he came to the last stages of the war in Europe and his disagreements with the Americans; the *mystique* of his remoteness, when he described his advance tactical H.Q. in the desert (only 'pretty big stuff', like Sir Winston, had access to him); and, in direct contrast to this, the familiar breezy sporting language ('we hit 'em for six', 'we were a First Division team heading for the Cup

Final at Lüneburg Heath): The whole talk exemplified that decision and drive which Lord Montgomery put as the first qualities of a commander. If you once hesitate or admit you were wrong, people will never have the same absolute trust in you again. What we saw, in fact—what had to be seen—was what the cartoonist Vicky would call Supermonty. 'If your Chief of Staff goes mad, get another one. The main thing is not to go mad yourself'.

And so we came, on Friday, to the battle of Alamein. To reduce this campaign—which really began on August 13, 1942, when Montgomery took over the Eighth Army, and did not end until victory in early November—to half an hour's lecture, required, and received, all the Field-Marshal's remarkable flair for simplification and essentials. He told us how he studied Rommel; how he deliberately set out, with bush hat and black beret, to build himself up into a 'mascot' (what 'long-haired types' would call a symbol); how he refused to attack until



Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery speaking about the Battle of Alamein in 'Command in Battle' on December 12



Mr. Igor Stravinsky at the piano talking to Robert Croft (left) in a filmed interview in 'Monitor' on December 7

approaches. You cannot repeat the past'. These are the lessons of success in art as well as in war. Lord Montgomery's words were repeated, in a very different context, by another Grand Master, Igor Stravinsky (in a film interview shown in 'Monitor', December 7). This great composer has always been one move ahead of his public as the Field-Marshal was one move ahead of Rommel. But in the arts of peace the opponent—the public—may be won over in the end: Stravinsky has come a long way since 'The Rite of Spring'. We saw him, with his philosopher's dome and his artist's mouth and smile, sitting at the piano, demanding questions like a sagacious elephant demanding buns. First he recalled the past: Diaghilev of course ('a great dandy') and Dylan Thomas ('I loved him very much') with whom he was to have composed an opera. Then he moved on and up into the theory of

creation, quoting Schopenhauer: 'musical tones inhabit a universe of their own which the human mind must reduce to order'. Despite some difficulty in following the composer's English, this glimpse of a great creative mind was most interesting, even to the non-musical.

'Monitor' had a second scoop waiting for us. Another great Russian artist, the late Sergei Eisenstein, the film director, once spent several months in Mexico shooting for a film that was never finished because his backers withdrew. (Why? I should have liked to know.) Some fragments of this forcibly abandoned work were shown, with a most sensitive and sympathetic studio commentary by Jay Leyda, an American who had worked with Eisenstein. We saw a series of monumental, sculptural close-ups of a death-ritual: the face in the coffin was no more still than the faces of the mourners; life was frozen into an intense acceptance of, and harmony with, death. This magnificently uncompromising resolution of opposites filled our small screens and made it clear in five minutes that the large screen has lost a masterpiece.

K. W. GRANSDEN



Mr. Percy Thrower with Miss Isabel Cochrane, professional flower arranger from Edinburgh, in 'Gardening Club' on December 12

he was ready and sure of victory, and refused to modify his plans once he had made them. After some 'savage' thinking he dealt Rommel a preliminary blow at Alam Halfa Ridge which restored morale and gained the Eighth Army much-needed time for re-equipping and training. What followed, on the night of October 23, is now history, and last Friday, with the help of film material, Lord Montgomery relived it, as much, one felt, for himself as for us. It was like watching a Grand Master at chess: at one point, the Field-Marshal referred to the enemy and corrected this to 'opponent'. He made the strategy of high command more exciting than any thriller.

'New problems require new

DRAMA

Portrait of the Artist

THE FRIENDSHIP—it was no 'affair'—of a French sculptor and a Polish woman writer who lived together as brother and sister in London from 1912 to 1914 suggested a play to Gordon Daviot, which had its stage-life in 1934 with the title of 'The Laughing Woman'. But the result of the suggestion was not a piece of solid craftsmanship likely to be successful in appealing to a wide public. Sunday's television production by John Jacob provided some ingenious shots and a neat pictorial symbolism of sculpturing hands to cover changes of time and place. But the fact that so much of the ninety minutes was a duologue between the man and the woman, and a duologue which returned to similar topics and situations, created a basic monotony which no amount of photographic skill could wholly dissipate. The other characters were well enough drawn and played, but we saw all too little of them. Lally Bowers, as a woman journalist of the pre-suffrage period, had most chance and was well able to use it.

The Polish woman was made by her friend the subject of a piece of sculpture called 'The Laughing Woman'; the title was presumably ironic since she was usually moody and often morose; she was no companion for a genial hour. She wrote (and abandoned) a book on philosophy; she was a dutiful housewife. And she was strikingly presented by Rosalie Crutchley as a person in whom one could believe, no vessel of mirth but convincingly strained with anxiety as well as with devotion.

The Frenchman was drawn closer to the familiar stage-convention of genius in a garret, feckless and contemptuous of money, now all gentle charm and now ill-mannered and farouche. Peter O'Toole obviously could not find it easy to lift the role out of the range of emotions deemed proper to an artist in a story. He did, however, achieve personal fascination and he was adroit in marking the shifts of feeling. It was an accomplished performance, as was Miss Crutchley's. Yet he never wholly gripped my sympathy or persuaded me that here was an authentic human being as well as the kind of artist who is expected, by the rules of the literary game, to smash up his own work in chagrin, while missing his meals and despising a clean shirt. Mr. O'Toole dealt efficiently with lines and situations that were more handicap than help.

We began our Christmas viewing on Sunday with 'The Christmas Child', a modern Nativity, written and produced by D. G. Bridson. Mary, wife of Joe, a Yorkshire proletarian housed in a dreary back-street, is expecting the birth of her first child. The neighbours look in, helpfully or otherwise. Mary, left alone, faints and has a swooning vision of a stable and of strangers entering, three working men and three Wise Men, all of our own day. She wakes to her pains and to the birth of a Christmas boy.

Thus the fantastic and the factual mingled. It was the kind of piece that might have become a sticky mess, but the dangers were mainly avoided. Mr. Bridson, choosing rhymed verse, never let it aspire to the high-poetic style or fall to 'poetese'. The players of the visionary visitors, while they had to avoid the naturalistic



Scene from 'The Laughing Woman' on December 14, with Martin Miller (left) as Hergesheimer, Peter O'Toole as René Latour, and Rosalie Crutchley as Magda Kletzka



'Incident at Echo Six' on December 9, with Derrick Sherwin (left) as Second Lieutenant Carroll, Dudley Foster (in beret) as Sergeant Carmichael, and Barry Foster as Second Lieutenant Savage

speech of the domestic scene, did not take to intoning in the kind of voice that is called, perhaps unfairly to the modern curate, parsonical. Wilfred Pickles and Isla Cameron spoke faithfully for Yorkshire, while John Sharp was being 'gormless' and Marjorie Rhodes displaying gumption. The wisdom propounded by the mystic Sages, representing Science, Law, and Government, could hardly be more than the utterance of common-sense ethics and did not fail to be that.

Enough of the satirical tang of 'Expresso Bongo' came across in the excerpt from the Saville Theatre (December 11) to let viewers appreciate the Mankowitz text with its properly impolite salute to the puerile pop singer who becomes the demi-god of the frenzied disc-addicts. There could be no better song on this show-business theme than the one called 'Nauseous'. This, on television, seemed somewhat wasted because the lines, every one of which has a bite in it, were delivered so fast and with a throw-away method. James Kenney was in fine nauseous form as the lad who can create frenzy in Mayfair as well as in Mean Street. Paul Scofield, playing the seedy, penurious agent who has the perspicacity to make Bongo's fortune and, for a while, his own, gives the fellow such a wry, insinuating charm that the piece becomes not only his bitter comedy but,

when he is let down, a picture of his poignant frustration, almost indeed his tragedy. The excerpt could only hint at the latter phase in a few postscript sentences, but how touchingly it was done!

Musicals, as a rule, are matters too big and brassy to come out well on the intimate, domestic screen: but on this occasion I surmised that business at the Saville, if it needs any levitation, might go up with a bongo.

One cannot watch everything all the time. So unluckily I missed 'Incident at Echo Six', by Troy Kennedy Martin (December 9), but I am glad to record that my screen-sitter was, like most of the critics, enormously impressed by the able telling of the realistic Cyprus story in which youngsters in arms were faced with such galling responsibilities. I read with pleasure that we shall be getting more from the author; the B.B.C. is building a capital team of those who can create their own types of veracity in television drama and Mr. Martin will be welcome to their ranks.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Documentary and Delicacy

THERE WERE THREE interesting productions last week and two of them were handled by Mr. R. D. Smith. One rehabilitated Lorca, who has suffered grievously in our inhibited society, and the other shaped one of those pieces of documentary drama which are special to the medium. The documentary, or near documentary, was 'She'll Make Trouble' by Mr. Bill Naughton, who was responsible for 'June Evening' earlier in the year. In 'June Evening' Mr. Naughton created a dramatic situation by writing a script which might have been tape-recorded for use as a feature programme. In 'She'll Make Trouble' he had the same approach, but the dramatic situation grew from something which might have been based on a case book.

Ruth (Miss Frances Cuka) was a nineteen-year-old trouble-maker who had become 'in need of protection' after discovering that her beloved parents were in fact foster parents. She enters a mixed prison, which was powerfully created in sound, and goes through a series of tantrums until she is persuaded that she ought to come to terms with her predicament. The persuasion is in the hands of the Governor (Mr. Frederick Treves) and Chief Officer Mooney (Miss Betty Linton) and its success coincides with an attempted prison break by a man who has caught sight of Ruth at prison choir practice. Mr. Naughton could be accused of trying to argue that adolescent crime can be traced to traumatic experiences in youth, but such an accusation would take no account of the fact that his approach is more inconsequential and less specialized. He takes a story that might have been from a case book but he does not attempt to twist the story to prove a moral. 'She'll Make Trouble' tells Ruth's story but it does not preach.

Just as he attempted to put across the feel of a Lancashire street in 1921 in 'June Evening', he attempted in this play a portrait of prison life as it might very well be. His attempt was ably backed up by Mr. R. D. Smith and the cast who managed to get inside the mixed prison. The ragged choir practices, sung by the cast and not by trained voices, had the stuff of life about

them. The accents too had a ring about them as documentary as the clashes and rattles of the prison keys. It is a measure of Mr. Naughton's success, however, that one wishes he would turn slightly from those fields where life is always earnest, always real, and apply his talent for observation in happier environments.

For the failure of many productions of Lorca's plays we have only our own inhibitions to blame. Like Victor in Miss Sylvia Wynter's version of 'Yerma', which was called 'The Barren One', we feel that there are 'some things so delicate, a person have to have respect'. It is not the case that our society does not contain people like Irma who is barren; it is simply the case that the puritan closing of the theatres has left us with things so delicate 'a person have to have' silence.

To get round the difficulty of putting Lorca across full-bloodedly, producers have had recourse to Irish, Cockney, and West Country speech. This version of 'Yerma', which was a West Indian one, was a success, but it was made so because the cast went to the heart of Lorca's intent without worrying about the delicacy of his subject. The play was set in the West Indies, there were the songs sung to Mr. Fitzroy Coleman's guitar and there was the added excitement of West Indian syntax. But the play was not simply a success because it was Caribbeanized. It was a success because Miss Cleo Laine as Irma felt unashamedly and uninhibitedly the tragedy of a barren woman; because Mr. Errol John as her husband, John, was intractably proud; because the other members of the cast talked about pregnancy and barrenness as if these things really existed. By removing Lorca to the West Indies, Miss Sylvia Wynter has opened up a very interesting field of experiment but she has also made it clear, in conjunction with Mr. Smith, that Lorca's plays suffer in English English because we do not like to grasp his nettles. Though there may be slight truth in the fact that his Spanish peasants have no opposite numbers here, it would seem after this production that the real fault lies with us and not with Lorca.

The third play of interest was 'A Quiet Man' by Mr. John Gwilym Jones, which was first done in Welsh in January. Stern as a mountain chapel, it gave the lie to those sentimentalized portraits of Welsh society which spring from the pens of London Welshmen. The central plot concerned the return of a brother to the home of a crippled man whose wife had once had an affair with him. A chapel-proud grandfather, a harassed mother, and a juke box sister symbolized the three ages of Welsh man, and the crippled quiet man (Mr. Glyn Houston) showed that forgiveness is best when it is silent. The play had many quotable thoughts in it and cleverly cast the petals of its minor characters as its central plot flowered. It was produced by Mr. Emyr Humphreys and adapted by Mr. Elwyn Thomas.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Manager and Mandarin

WAS THE MANAGERIAL SIDE of things rather over-represented in last week's debate (Wednesday, Third) on 'The State and the Theatre'? The point did not occur to me until discussion was well under way, and might not have occurred even then, if results had come up to expectations. But, as it was, I began to sigh the lack of (a) a youngish dramatist, and (b) a theatre critic, both with passionate, if partisan, notions of what the theatre today ought to be doing, and how the state, or public money in one form or another, ought to help. Given the directive, productive, or administrative bias of the assembled debaters,

it was not perhaps really so surprising that the argument fell into a pattern where no lines seemed to meet.

Mr. Sherek, the free-lance, led off with a tilt against state subsidies. In some theatres abroad the result was atrophy, routine, multiplication of jobs and parts. Tyrone Guthrie, while he was anything but opposed to the idea of state aid, deplored the Arts Council practice of giving a pittance all round. Coming from the wide open spaces of Canada, he evidently found this a parochial and profitless state of affairs. People ought to, and would, he insisted, travel to the theatre. At this point, I pictured a new plate-glass theatre, stiff with subsidies, British workers from Thurso, Falmouth, and Beachy Head all rolling up in large motor-cars to see modern-dress, Guthrie productions of *Romeo and Juliet* or *Richard III*. Against this idea of stream-lined monopoly, Mr. Salberg, manager of one of our most enterprising local theatres, put in a forceful if irritable plea. Mr. Hodgkinson, on behalf of the Arts Council, talked from time to time in the strains of the Old Woman in a Shoe. And Mr. Wanamaker (in his good pirate voice) was full of admirable schemes for linking theatre more closely with social life and habits, persuading people to subscribe to local theatre and see it as their own communal yet personal property. But if some good ideas were started the total effect was of good intentions coming into conflict and revolving in a vacuum. Another debate on the same theme, at a less managerial level, is surely indicated.

It was a relief to pass on (within fifteen minutes on the same wavelength) from this kind of skirmishing at second-hand to the real, intimate, if abstruse world of Wallace Stevens's poetry. *Notes Towards A Supreme Fiction*, like *Byzantium* or the *Cimetière Marin*, is one poet's attempt at a final statement of conviction. It is more difficult and diffuse, less consummate than either of those works. Stevens was the Sibelius of poetry: to my mind, he stands almost in the same relation to Walt Whitman as Sibelius to Tchaikovsky. The overflowing immediacy of his model is rapt inwards, turned towards inner quest more than outward identification. As with some other poets, we have to move into his world rather than admit him into ours. This particular long poem, a quest for a final truth of the imagination, was as difficult a proposition for listening as one could think of—though Frank Kermode, in an introductory talk, had already done an admirable job of charting the path of its meaning, predominating images.

If the broadcast performance was more rewarding in episodes than as a whole, the fault may lie in the nature of the poem. The poet seems to make the mistake of working (almost in spite of himself) towards the wrong kind of climax, and fails to bring it off. The whole programme (the reading was excellent) raised questions of how we should listen to poetry, how far we should leave it to make its effects on us and let any attempt at analysis alone, to which I should like to return one day. After all, how much do we make of a symphony at a single hearing?

I have left little room for what else was outstanding in the week's programmes. 'People Today' gave us a fresh, scrubbed and shiny picture of Hawick, its smart and sensible lasses, and its lads all mad about rugby—and in the background tenacious memories of border forays, with a skirmish at Hawick still celebrated in school songs, and an annual outing. On Thursday Baron Boothby of Buchan, that sturdy Scot of English descent, underwent the treatment in 'Frankly Speaking' and emerged virtually without a scratch. His performance was a model of professional frankness. After Baroness Wootton and Baron Boothby, I begin to wonder whether

all our life peers and peeresses have been booked for this series—as a sort of initiatory rite?

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Fifty Years of Stravinsky

ON WEDNESDAY of last week Igor Stravinsky conducted us on a journey back through time, the stages marked by his ballet *Agon*, completed last year, the *Symphony in Three Movements* of 1945, *Apollo Musagetes* (1928) and so on to his first masterpiece of nearly half a century ago, *The Firebird*. Stravinsky has been so notoriously changeable in his manner, that is in the external forms he has adopted, that one hardly expected this programme to provide, as it did, a demonstration of the essential consistency of the composer's work. And, considering it after the event, I do not believe that any other selection from his works similarly spaced in time would have created a different impression.

One of the constant features of Stravinsky's music is its insistency on asymmetrical rhythms. We hear them in the 'Dance infernale' in *The Firebird* and also in the music of the final tableau in that ballet. Here they are in their simplest form, directly derived from Russian folk-song and so, I imagine, from the natural rhythms of the Russian language. By 1928 the rhythms have become sophisticated and divorced from their native melodies. *Apollo Musagetes* belongs to Stravinsky's 'classical' period, and his rhythm at once distorts and breathes new life into what might else have been an academic pastiche. In the symphony this dislocation has been carried further and produces in the first movement an extraordinary feeling of tension, that is unfortunately dissipated by the melodic feebleness of the slow movement. In *Agon* the rhythmic distortion is carried so far that, at first hearing, it seems to defeat its own end. I write without having seen a score, but I had the impression of an irregularity so extreme that the norm from which departure is made remains unheard. If you leave out *all* the normally strong accents and change the metre in every other bar, there is nothing to which the syncopations can be referred, and rhythms, as we have always understood it, can hardly exist.

Another common factor in Stravinsky's music is his acute sensitiveness to instrumental timbres and his inventiveness in creating out of their combinations hitherto unimagined musical sounds that always seem strange and even repellent when first heard, but eventually attain a magical fascination, if not always a magical beauty. For there is often a grotesque element in Stravinsky's music, as in so much other Russian music from Glinka to Prokofiev.

On the other hand, Stravinsky has never been a great melodist, as the slow movement of the 'Symphony in Three Movements' bears witness. Such melody as there is in early music is obviously derived from folk-song, and after the severance of his ties with his native land, in default of a melodic gift of his own, he has sought inspiration in the melodies of other composers, of Pergolesi and Tchaikovsky, of Bach and of the medieval polyphonists. This is not plagiarism, any more than was Handel's recourse to other men's music (and his own) when inspiration failed and he needed some stimulus to get it going.

Yet the lack of original melody in Stravinsky's music may be the cause of a fundamental flaw in its constitution, and a symptom of a deficiency in the composer's character as an artist. For there is throughout his work a lack of humanity, of generous sympathy with mankind. His best creations are grotesque puppets or out-size statuesque figures of inhuman

grandeur. Only once, at the end of *The Rake's Progress*, do we hear in his music the melting compassion of a human heart.

The comparison has often been drawn between Stravinsky and his contemporary expatriate, Picasso, whose art presents a similar phenomenon of chameleon-like changeability and has had a like disruptive influence. But there is one big dissimilarity between them. For, whatever may be thought of some of his productions, Picasso is a great draughtsman, a master of line, and mastery of line is just what Stravinsky lacks. Compared with the monumental classical figures Picasso was creating at

about the same time, *Apollo Musagetes* seems to answer to Ruskin's description of Samuel Prout's drawing—'all dots and squiggles'. This preoccupation with niggling detail is, if I may hazard a judgment after two hearings, the be-all and end-all of the tiny movements of *Agon*, which departs far indeed from its basis in seventeenth-century dance-forms. But judgment is hazardous where Stravinsky is concerned, for so often what has seemed perverse and irresponsible has in the end proved fascinating. So here what seems nonsense, because it literally does not make musical sense, may yet acquire some meaning for us. But that it will ever be any-

thing more than a curious and ingenious pattern, that it will ever seem to have warm blood coursing through its dislocated joints I take leave to doubt.

Earlier in the week we had another example of the poverty-stricken condition of melodic invention in our day. Carl Orff's *Der Mond*, broadcast on Sunday evening, has a grotesquely humorous story on the level of Stravinsky's *Pulcinella*. But, one or two ingenious orchestral effects apart, the music is so banal that I hardly think it would survive a couple of hearings at the most.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Viennese Composers and the String Quartet

By IAIN HAMILTON

Quartets by Webern and Hans Apostel will be broadcast at 5.50 p.m. on Sunday, December 21 (Third)

THE present century has seen the string quartet reinstated as one of the most pliant and inspiring of musical media.

This was in part brought about by the renewed interest in smaller groups and chamber ensembles in general. Stravinsky alone of all the great twentieth-century masters has kept away from quartet writing, although his *Three Pieces* for string quartet of 1914 and the *Concertino* of 1920 show what interesting things he can do with this medium, and, of course, he has used it, admittedly in combination with brass, in the Dylan Thomas *In Memoriam* of 1953. As for Bartók and Hindemith, we find some of their finest work in the quartets; indeed in the six quartets of the former some of the greatest chamber music ever written.

Of particular interest, however, are the works of the 'second Viennese School', for in Schönberg, Berg, and Webern we have a true continuation of the work of the great classical masters of the first Viennese School which ended in 1829 with the death of Schubert. We have all the elaboration and fantasy of late Beethoven in the third and fourth quartets of Schönberg, while in the three works which Webern wrote for quartet we have a basically romantic utterance expressed with an economy and grace recalling on occasion the crystal texture of Mozart—a clarity from which passion is never long absent.

The *Five Pieces* for string quartet Op. 5, of Webern (which were written in 1909) are perfect examples of this poise and clarity. They were composed during the period when Webern was writing in a free atonal style, and it is interesting to compare his work of this time with that of Schönberg who was also writing atonally in such a work as the *Five Pieces* for orchestra. Their discovery and acceptance of strict serial techniques was not to come about until some twelve years later; yet in these pieces of Webern one senses already several elements which seem to make the evolution inevitable. Already in Webern we have the small structures and highly concentrated forms which compress so much into so short a space of time. This has no connexion whatsoever with the writing of miniatures or the use of short lyric forms; it is no less than the complete alteration of the time-scale in music. The concentration is so intense in Webern that in his work, even if it lasts but six minutes, one has the feeling as it closes that one has listened to a work of large proportions and of the deepest and most digested thinking. This concentration is carried to its extreme in the *Bagatelles* for string quartet, Op. 9; the six movements last only three and a half minutes. These were written in 1913; in 1938 Webern again wrote for the

medium, and the string quartet, Op. 28, is a fine example of his final period in which the strictest use of serial technique is allied to equally strict use of canon, two elements which are never far apart in late Webern. This work lasts under eight minutes.

In these three works one notices the increasing tendency to create new forms for the expression of the ideas. In Webern this is not only brought about by the change in the time-scale but also by a simultaneous change in the use and conception of symmetry. The larger symmetry of the great classical forms is seldom found in Webern after the *Passacaglia*, Op. 1; it is replaced by the smaller and often most involute of symmetries resulting from the consistent use of canon and serialism. A return to a total polyphony is achieved in a way seldom visualized by composers since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Melody, harmony, and rhythm are blended, no one single element obtruding. The vertical and horizontal are thus aligned and a proportion given back to the highest form of creative imagination and thought. This had become little less than a matter of grim necessity by the end of the last century.

The first of the *Five Pieces* of Webern is powerful and passionate and encompasses almost every aspect of string-quartet writing, as regards texture, use of the instruments, dynamic levels and mood—and all within fifty-five bars. The second piece is very slow and opens with an expressive phrase on the viola; the whole movement is muted and is only thirteen bars long. A twenty-three-bar scherzo follows and an insistent C sharp is heard at the start. The fourth movement is again slow and only thirteen bars in length; it is of the utmost beauty and will convince any listener other than the most prejudiced of the musical quality of the work. The last piece is restless and foreboding although slow. Only the third is wholly unmuted (the first employing mutes admittedly for only one phrase), and this is another important feature of atonal music: the subtle and varied use of mutes on strings and particularly on brass for the creation of new and fascinating textures. In this work, as in all Webern yet another discovery is made: the single note is raised to what one might call its highest power. Nothing is superfluous and as in the inner three movements of this work, or in the early orchestral pieces Op. 6, single notes take on a power of expression undreamed of before.

In this music all *alfresco* effects are done away with and colour is used as an element fused with the other three chief ones of melody, harmony and rhythm. It is interesting to compare Bartók's use of colour and effects in his quartets

with the usage in Webern. Both are masterly examples of how the most dangerous and seemingly extraneous elements can be employed in chamber music provided that the finest of creative minds is in control of them. There is no use of them for their own sake; they are always germane to the work itself and its mood.

The total duration of the Webern is eight minutes. The Second String Quartet of Hans Erich Apostel (b. 1901) lasts thirteen minutes and is in one movement which is clearly divided into five sections. It was written in 1956. Apostel is of German descent but has always lived in Austria. He was a pupil of Schönberg and Berg, and reflects facets of the work of both in his compositions—which are few in number. We are back again in the time-scale to which we are accustomed in this work. The extreme passion of Berg and the no less strongly felt, but more strongly controlled, passion of Schönberg are not experienced at such white heat in Apostel. There is something akin to the Brahms quartets about this work, not of course in style but in general writing and texture. The sweep of the phrases is truly Viennese and the use of serial technique is somewhat free, in the manner of Berg. Octaves appear often, blatantly at the beginning in the cadenza for first violin. The composer also stresses a form of thematic development and metamorphosis of themes which is basically that of the last century; this is emphasized by a table of salient themes printed in the score. Such methods are diametrically opposed to Webern's.

After the opening cadenza for violin comes an *allegro* section. A slow *passacaglia* begins on the 'cello and immediately, without a break, a scherzo and trio. This leads straight into another version of the slow *passacaglia*, this time beginning high on the first violin. The final section is a rondo in which there is a marked statement of the main theme of the work as it has appeared earlier in the first *allegro*.

In these two works, markedly different though they are, one can find many of the suspended qualities and beauties of the first Viennese School manifested again in the second.

For those interested in toxophily, two new books on the subject are available: *The Book of the Bow*, by Gordon Grimley (Putnam, 30s.) and *Archery from A to Z*, by Howard Wiseman and Fred Brundle (Faber, 18s.). Mr. Grimley's book is a comprehensive history of the development of archery in warfare, hunting and competitive sport, from prehistoric times to the present day, and is the fruit of wide reading and research. *Archery from A to Z* is more of an instructive handbook for the target archer, though it contains a short, historical introduction. Both books are illustrated.



LEICESTERSHIRE for 'Headache' but YORKSHIRE for Insurance

The Leicestershire dialect word "Headache" for the common poppy is derived from the belief that to smell poppies will cause headaches.

If headaches and anxiety result from a feeling of insecurity, then "Insurance with the Yorkshire" can speedily bring peace of mind. This old established Company, progressing with new ideas, provides all types of modern insurance. There are many personal problems that the "Yorkshire" can help you to solve* and it will be to your advantage to get into touch with our local Branch Manager right away.

*The range of "Yorkshire" policies is all-embracing. Whether you are interested in Life Assurance; insurance against fire or burglary; of a motor car, bicycle, television or radio set, a camera or pair of binoculars; indemnity against personal accident or even the insurance of your prize bull, there is a Policy suitable for you.

The YORKSHIRE Insurance Company Ltd

Chief Offices: St. Helen's Square, YORK, and Becket House, 36-37 Old Jewry, LONDON, E.C.2. Branches and Agencies throughout the world.

Drambuie

Regd.



THE LIQUEUR
YOU PREFER
TO BE OFFERED

It pays to buy a really good watch!



 CERTINA

Certina craftsmen have for years been designing stylish, high-precision watches and bringing them to you at reasonable prices.

You can pay more for other Swiss watches... but for quality Certina stands alone. For example, the Men's Chrome/Steel back, waterproof, 17 jewel, shock-protected model is £14-2-6. The Ladies' Chrome 15 jewel, shock-protected model is £12-5-0.

See the full range at your jewellers now.

Sole Distributors:

CARLEY & OLEMENCE LTD., Hatton Garden, London.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer.

Question 1

(from Mr. J. Marshall, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3)

I was on lead against Three No Trumps doubled. The dummy had bid Diamonds and I judged that my partner's double requested a Diamond lead. My holding was K 9 7. Which card should I have chosen? In practice, I led the 7 and the suit was distributed:

10 6 4 3 2	
K 9 7	A Q 8 5
J	

Thus the run of the suit was blocked.

Answer by Terence Reese

The 7 was certainly not a good choice: there was too much danger of a block such as actually occurred. With a partner capable of reading the situation the 9 is best, for it makes it possible to pick up four tricks immediately when dummy has for example Q 10 6 3 2 and partner A J 8 4. Leading the king is not so good in that position.

Question 2

(from G. Peche, 11 Blaydon Close, Ruislip)

East-West Game.

♠ 7	♠ A 10 5
♥ A K 9 8 6 5 3 2	♥ 10 4
♦ 6	♦ A 8 4 2
♣ K J 5	♣ A 9 6 4

In a recent tournament my wife and I bid:

WEST	EAST
2 H	4 N.T.
6 H	7 H

In a very large field we were the only pair to reach the grand slam and many stayed in game after a pre-emptive opening of Four Hearts. Am I right in saying that only the Culbertson 4/5 No Trump convention enables the holding of three aces to be shown at once and that this was the key to the grand slam?

Answer by Harold Franklin

The grand slam was a good bet, for with three aces in partner's hand West could look for twelve top tricks and the club finesse at worst if partner's hand provided no other prospect. For this reason West might have bid Seven Hearts immediately partner had shown three aces. The technically correct response to the Culbertson Four No Trump bid, which by definition shows two aces and the king of a bid suit, or three aces, should be Five No Trumps, showing one ace and the kings of all the bid suits (in this case hearts). But Blackwood bidders should get there just the same, if a little more slowly. East's best response to Two Hearts (a far better opening bid than Four Hearts) should still be Four No Trumps and a subsequent bid of Five No Trumps would then show that there was no ace missing.

Question 3

(from Mrs. V. M. Brady, Victoria Road, Aldeburgh, Suffolk)

Is it true that in some circumstances dummy can play the hand, and not declarer?

Answer by Terence Reese

If after a lead out of turn declarer exposes his hand, then declarer does in fact become dummy and dummy becomes declarer: Law 65.

Question 4

(from Ida John, 12 Yorke Road, Dartmouth, South Devon)

Love All. Dealer South

♠ K 9 7 6 5	♠ Q 10 4
♥ A 9	♥ 8 6 5 3
♦ K 7	♦ Q 8 6
♣ A Q 9 6	♣ J 10 3

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 S	No Bid	1 N.T.	2 C
2 S	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

A club was led and ten tricks were made. I felt that my partner, with two honours in spades, might have responded Two Spades rather than One No Trump. Your views, please?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Four Spades is a very lucky contract to make, for one has not only to avoid a club ruff, but also to find the jack of spades well placed. One cannot criticize East for not bidding Two Spades. Many fine players would in fact pass One Spade since two queens and a jack can scarcely be expected to produce a game and there is little chance of improving the contract. And West might have considered a double of Two Clubs.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, the envelope marked 'Bridge Forum']

Protecting Your Home by Insurance—II

By C. F. TRUSTAM

‘COMPREHENSIVE’ policies usually stipulate that certain kinds of articles, such as curios, works of art, stamp collections, jewellery, furs, or articles of precious metal are subject to a limit on any one article of five per cent. of the total sum insured on the contents, unless you have arranged with your insurance company for them to be specially mentioned in the policy. Generally speaking no additional premium is called for. Again, gold and silver articles, jewellery and furs are limited to one-third of the total sum insured on the contents. If you have more than that amount you should, for your own security, declare their value and pay the small extra premium.

What happens if your house is temporarily uninhabitable because of, say, fire, and you have

to get accommodation at a nearby hotel or boarding-house? The answer is that, subject to certain limitations defined in the policy, your ‘comprehensive’ policy reimburses you for any reasonable additional expenses necessarily incurred in securing alternative accommodation while the house is uninhabitable.

What happens if your servant or gardener is involved in an accident for which you can be held legally liable? The answer is that your policy covers you.

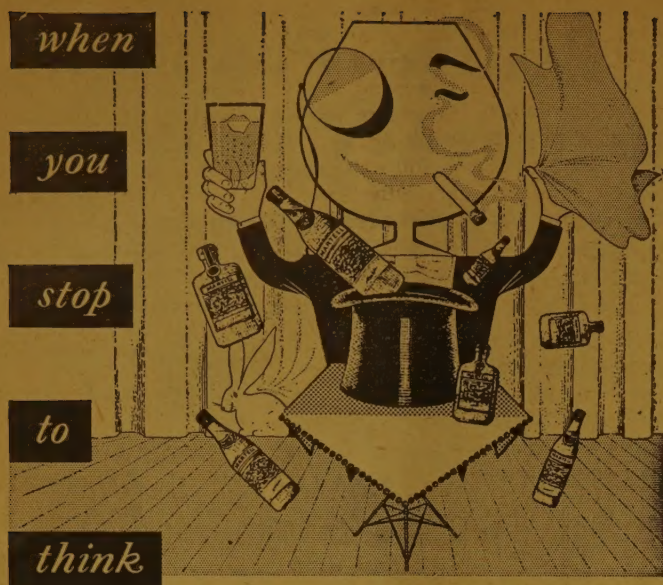
The same applies, when the fault is yours and you are liable, if the window cleaner falls from his ladder while cleaning your windows and suffers injury.

What is the position if you are away from home and your house is left temporarily unoccupied? The policy protects you. But you

would naturally take reasonable precautions against burglary, and if the house were being left for long you would turn off the gas and electricity and, in winter particularly, drain the water system. (Incidentally, the police will welcome notification of your absence.)

What is the position if your clothing is lost or destroyed by fire or burglary while away at the laundry or the dry cleaners? It is covered up to an amount not exceeding 15 per cent. of the total sum insured on the contents. It is not covered against loss by larceny or theft—that is, where there is no forcible entry.

What is the position if you put some of your furniture in store and, while there, it is destroyed by fire? The policy does not apply. The chances are that the store will have its own insurance arrangements, but in any event it would be wise



*brandy for Christmas
means Martell*

THE LONG DRINK WITH GINGER ALE OR SODA

Make friends with

MARTELL

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

**A delightful fragrant
delicate golden flake**



ONE OUNCE
AIRTIGHT TINS

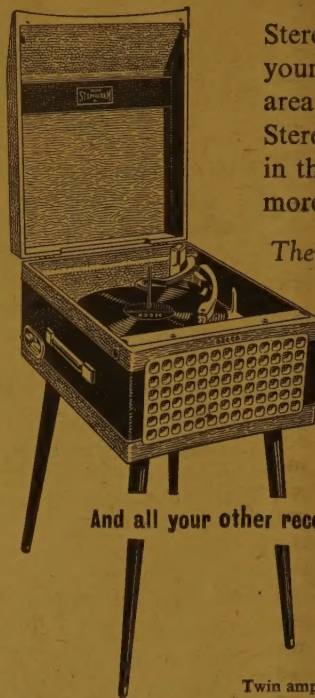
4/7

ASCOT GOLD CUT

A89C

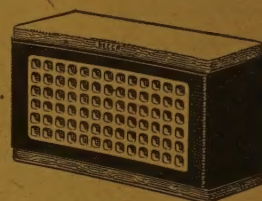
THE *ELECTRIFYING* NEW SOUND

DECCA STEREO



Stereo is at its best in the home—your home. The music fills the whole area between the speakers of your Decca Stereogram and 'lives' as it does in the concert hall. Stereo is more real, more natural, more *satisfying*.

There are now over 100
Decca-group
stereo records
to choose from.
Please write
for details.



And all your other records sound better on a Decca Stereogram too

DECCA SG177

STEREOGRAM

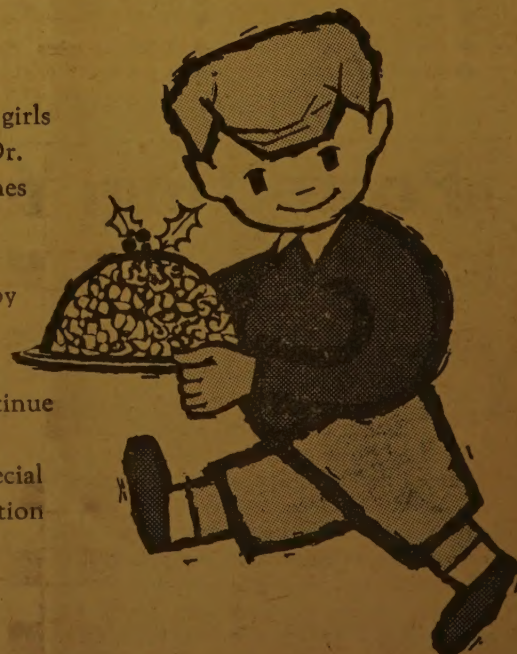
Twin amplifiers, 4-speed auto-changer,
two speakers. Two-tone leathercloth finish.

48½ GNS
TAX PAID

The Decca Record Company Ltd • Decca House • Albert Embankment • London SE 11

**REMEMBER ME—
this Christmas!**

7,500 boys and girls
in the care of Dr.
Barnardo's Homes
share the
friendship and
security of happy
family life all
the year round.
Please help continue
this good work
by making a special
Christmas donation
to our funds.



Cheques or Postal Orders (crossed please) should be sent to:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

334 BARNARDO HOUSE, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

ndh10647/E

to notify your insurer, who would advise you what to do.

What happens if you have guests staying with you and their possessions are lost or destroyed by, say, fire or burglary? They are protected under their own 'comprehensive' policy (assuming they have one). In the same way, your own property would be covered under your 'comprehensive' policy if you were making a temporary stay with them.

I have been talking about your primary problem as a householder: the protection of your house and your household goods. But you and your family do not stay at home all the time, and you may want to consider what kind of responsibilities face you when you are out and about your various activities.

For example, your personal possessions of special value—jewellery, furs, and the like—are the kind of things that you take with you when you are away from home. Apart from the risk of fire and theft, therefore, there is the risk of accidental damage or loss; and all such risks which are regarded as reasonably insurable can be covered by an 'all-risks' policy.

Then again, in this claims-conscious age, you may find yourself being sued for damage accidentally caused by you or a member of your family. The bicycle which accidentally collides with a pedestrian, breaking his arm or worse; the exuberance of your dog resulting in an accident of some kind or other; the careless discharge, by one of the children, of an arrow or an air-gun resulting in serious injury to an innocent passer-by; even the unlucky shot on the golf course. Your liability for any such damage—the risk of a claim from a third party for any damage accidentally caused—can be insured for only a few shillings a year under what is known as a 'personal liability' policy.

Painting Toys

ONE OF THE problems in painting toys often used to be that you wanted to use several colours but needed only a few brushfuls of each. But now there are a number of very small packs on the market—both in bottles and in miniature tins. You can even get tiny gelatine capsules of paint, costing only a few pence. These gelatine capsules can be bought in sets containing red, blue, and yellow, together with black, white, and silver. You can mix up the various colours to give you green, orange, brown, and so on.

If you are painting the sort of toy that is going to be left out in the open for any length of time, you ought to give it the same sort of treatment as you would for the outside of the house—in other words, primer, filler, undercoat, and finish. But most toys are used inside the house, so you need not be nearly so fussy. In fact, if your youngsters are anything like mine, the paint will probably outlive the toy. So, with gloss paint on wood or metal, two coats of finishing paint should be enough to give a good gloss and a solid colour.

The problems only start when you are using an absorbent material, such as hardboard. If you still want a glossy finish, you must seal the hardboard first, and the easiest way of doing that is to apply a thin coat of plastic emulsion paint. You then follow up with the gloss paint, and usually only one coat is needed.

On wood or metal toys, you can use a flat oil paint, and two coats are usually enough. But on absorbent surfaces, like hardboard, it is best to use plastic emulsion paint and, once again, two coats are enough. With some toys—things like model train layouts and the walls of dolls'

houses—you may need a textured finish. For this purpose you will need a flexible adhesive, such as one of the polyvinyl alcohol types, and some texturing material such as sawdust, ordinary sand, or silver sand, according to the type of texture you want. First of all, apply a fairly thick coat of adhesive. Then, while the adhesive is still wet, scatter the texturing material thickly, and either press it on firmly or run over it with a small roller. The following day, brush off all the loose texturing material and finish with a liberal coat of plastic emulsion paint.

Make sure the paint does not contain lead, because most young children seem to get just as much fun out of eating their toys as they do out of playing with them.

DAVID ROE—'Today'

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW BOYD (page 1022): member of the editorial staff of *The Economist*, for which journal he visited Venezuela in 1952 to make a survey of the oil situation

R. A. CROSSLAND (page 1032): Professor of Greek, Sheffield University

ROBIN SKELTON (page 1040): Lecturer in English Literature, Manchester University; author of *The Poetic Pattern* and *Patmos and Other Poems*

IAIN HAMILTON (page 1051): writer, composer, and pianist; his latest compositions include *The Bermudas* and *Concerto for Jazz Trumpet and Orchestra*

C. F. TRUSTAM (page 1053): General Manager of the Royal Insurance Company; Chairman of the British Insurance Association; Vice-President, Chartered Insurance Institute, etc.

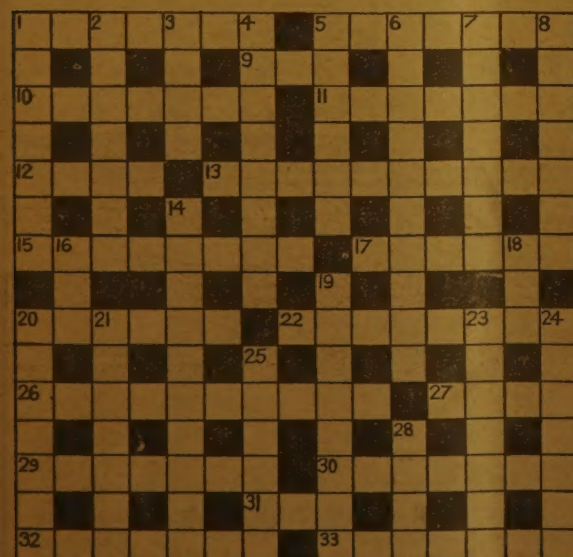
Crossword No. 1,490.

Gilbertian.

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Monday, December 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The passages given are quotations from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Each clue consists of one or more words from the passage of similar length immediately following or (if italics are used) preceding the given passage.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 1R. It's a rather nervous duty (7)
- 5R. This is Virtue saying plainly (7)
9. In Westminster Hall I danced a dance (3)
10. Sit with downcast eye (7)
11. *By Bach, interwoven by Spohr and Beethoven, at classical Monday pops* (3, 4)
12. We observe too great a stress on the risks that on us press (4)
13. *In good Queen Bess's glorious days* (10)
15. But see, here comes your most attractive daughter (7)
17. *They are all noblemen who have gone wrong* (6)
20. *None but the brave deserve the fair* (6)
22. Can't keep it up all day long? (8)
26. But don't blame me, I'm sorry to be (3, 7)
27. It nevertheless can't be denied (4)
- 29R. A pallid and thin young man, a haggard and lank young man (7)
30. *To be handled with care* (7)
31. Pray observe this lesson vital (3)
32. You find you're as cold as an icicle (7)
- 33R. Now I adore that girl with passion tender (7)

DOWN

- 1U. He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave (7)
2. I'll do your work, My fusiliers, advance! (7)
3. Let old associations all dissolve (4)
- 4U. You must lie upon the daisies (3, 5)
- 5U. In the reign of James the Second it was generally reckoned (6)

6U. Now I do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger (2, 8)

7. And perhaps an occasional maiden over (7)

8. So to the top of every tree (7)

14. Your chance of promotion will certainly mar (4, 6)

16. For he might have been a Roasian (3)

18. *Sing 'Bah to you—hal! hal! to you', and that's what you should say* (3)

19. Of our attempts we offer you examples illustrative (8)

20. Some hardbake or a bit of butter-scotch (7)

21. The dash of a D'Orsay divested of quackery (7)

23. Oh, men of dark and dismal fate, forgo your cruel employ (7)

24. And painful though that duty be (7)

25. He stammered an apology and made his 'scape (6)

28U. *And sipping tranquilly, quite happy is he* (4)

Solution of No. 1,488

FLOWERS DIPPER
FAYALITENARRE
RELYNTEAURIOIT
REPLAGENREAR
IRONMONGERFRY
ALGOLVERTGUP
KITGBANARALIA
ANIELACEMILLER
ROTEKRISBOZDA
AVIEROXITEARTE
MIDWINTERMEAD
ANGELTLEUSATE
LEEELNCEYDEN

NOTES

The unclued lights are names of cricketers who have played in England v. Australia test matches (eleven from each country):

Across: Flowers (E), Dipper (E), Root (E), Ironmonger (A), Fry (E), Bean (E), Miller (A), Hole (A), Midwinter (E), Mead (E), Lee (A).

Down: Laver (A), Wall (A), Ring (A), Dean (E), Noble (A), Tribe (A), Park (A), Steel (E), Vine (E), Hill (A), Read (E).

Across: 44. James Angel.

Down: 30. (Cronin) Hatter's Castle, The Citadel.
14. Paul Pogge—explorer.

1st prize: H. W. Clarke (New Malden); 2nd prize: R. Mason (Cupar); 3rd prize: E. R. Best (Surbiton).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

G.C.E.

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education can serve as (1) evidence of a sound general education, (2) the first step to a degree, and (3) the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually-conducted postal courses for G.C.E. exams, at reasonable fees, payable by instalments if desired. **PROSPECTUS** from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**STORIES WANTED**

Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 19 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

BRITISH INSTITUTE

of

FICTION-WRITING SCIENCE LIMITED

Chronicle House - Fleet St - London - EC4

**HOLIDAY LECTURES FOR BOYS & GIRLS at 11 a.m. IN THE LECTURE THEATRE**

ADMISSION FREE

Monday, January 5th.

EATING AND DRINKING IN ENGLISH HOMES

by John Lowe.

Wednesday, January 7th.

TALES FROM INDIA

by Romila Thapar.

Friday, January 9th.

ANIMALS IN CHINESE ART

by Margaret Medley.

ADULTS ADMITTED IF ACCOMPANYING CHILDREN



Brihadisvara Temple, Tanjore

India**WELCOMES YOU**

Today the splendours of the gorgeous East may be visited and enjoyed amid modern comforts. Travel in India is easy, efficient and cool, for air-conditioned airliners, railways, and hotels are at your service. Come and see this newest ancient land.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries available on request from your Travel Agent or

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

28 Cockspur St., London, SW1, TRA 1718

HUNGRY... COLD... HOMELESS**HELP ME.. PLEASE**

Please send your generous donation to:

LORD BIRKETT, 17 BROAD STREET, OXFORD**OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR****FAMINE RELIEF**

(Regd. War Charities Act, 1940)

SUPPORTERS INCLUDE: Lord Beveridge, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Dame Sybil Thorndike.

LISTEN TO B.B.C. BROADCAST APPEAL
By LORD BIRKETT
All Home Services
Sunday, Dec. 21st, 8.25 p.m.

Will you share your joy and happiness this Christmastime with those who still have no home? Countless refugees in many lands will be feeling lonely and unwanted. A gesture of friendship from you will renew their hope, sustain and comfort them.

May we, in your name, give help to them NOW, especially the hungry, the cold and the sick.

10/- will feed an undernourished refugee boy for one month.

£5 will provide and ship overseas 10 warm blankets.

(Even the cost of a cracker will provide a good meal for 4 destitute Korean children)

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for:—

General Certificate of Education

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, etc.

London Univ. Degrees

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.

A.C.P., L.C.P., Law, and other exams.

Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees.

★ **PROSPECTUS** free from the Registrar,**56 BURLINGTON HOUSE****CAMBRIDGE****SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Preliminary exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc.; external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 250,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful! Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees; payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

GENERAL CERT. OF EDUCATION**THE KEY TO SUCCESS & SECURITY**

Essential to success in any walk of life! Whatever your age, you can now prepare at home for the important new General Cert. of Education Exam., on "NO PASS—NO FEE" terms. You choose your own subjects—Educational, Commercial or Technical. Recently announced big extension of subjects gives everyone the chance to get this valuable certificate.

SEND FOR FREE 136-PAGE BOOK

Full details of how you can obtain the General Cert. are given in our 136-page Guide—FREE and without obligation. Personal advice on request.

Write today. School of Careers, Dept. 266, 29-31, Wright's Lane, London, W.8.

"NO PASS—NO FEE"**The School of Careers****MEN AT WORK**

The work of the Life-boat crew is dangerous. They do it willingly. But without your help they cannot continue to rescue 600 lives a year at sea. Funds are urgently needed: send your contribution, however small, to:—

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.



A Scottish Coxswain

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY INC.

Dept. D, 20 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1.

A STRANGE COUNTRY

The visitor to a strange country needs a map or a guide-book. Do you want to learn about the features of the spiritual country we are all bound for?

Emanuel Swedenborg's unique guide to

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS AND HELL

is available in a new and completely revised edition. Attractive binding and modern type-face. Blue cloth. 398 pp. Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. Postage 1s. 4d.

Ask for complete annotated catalogue of all Swedenborg's works published by the Society.